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LORD CECIL AND THE LEAGUE

BY THE MARQUESS OF CREWE

TO some hasty critics the issue of Viscount Cecil's book* at this moment may seem to be scarcely opportune. How, they may ask, can we be expected at a time when the malady afflicting the world has not yet reached the crisis, when we can think only of the shattered homes, the withered hopes and the breaking hearts around us, to study the record of events, which though interesting in themselves, and indeed of recent occurrence, are for practical purposes little more than ancient history? But, in the first place Lord Cecil has an almost unrivalled title to be the chronicler of those affairs, *quorum pars magna fuit*. There may be one or two others with an equal claim to be the spokesman of Geneva, but none with a superior. This of itself might not justify publication to-day; but there is greater force in the plea that though present duties be ever so imperative and absorbing, the future must not be altogether ignored.

In his second chapter entitled the Making of the League, Lord Cecil quotes at length from the masterly report of the Phillimore Committee of 1918. Starting from the time when Grotius first breathed life into the dry bones of International Law, it depicts the various attempts, many of them vague and nebulous, to establish international relations on a firm foundation, either by some plan of Federation, or less ambitiously by a League holding frequent conferences. Lord Cecil points out that as early as in 1916 he circulated a Cabinet Memorandum containing proposals for a system of conferences in preference to that of compulsory arbitration, and providing that any territorial settlement after the war should be subject to revision after five years; that any controversy between any two countries should be considered for three months before any action need be taken; and that the Powers should pledge themselves to subject an aggressor to economic pressure and in the last resort to coercion by force. In view of what has happened in the last five years the first proposal is of particular

*A Great Experiment. Cape. 16s.

interest. At the *coupon* Election after the war Lord Cecil was elected as a supporter of Mr. Lloyd George and when the Paris Peace Conference was summoned he, in company with General Smuts, was invited to be British representative specially dealing with League of Nations questions.

Nobody could have been better equipped for such a campaign. He was brought up in a home where great affairs were never pompously obtruded but were an element in the atmosphere of daily life. And as the years went on, as son of a commanding Foreign Secretary he must have been thrown into the company of countless diplomatic figures old and young. And the society of Arthur Balfour, who was as an elder brother to his young cousins, was in itself a liberal education. After Eton and Oxford he was called to the bar, gradually attaining to a good though not sensational practice, culminating in the peaceful argumentations of the Parliamentary Bar. This legal training was of inestimable value at Paris and later; for the influential supporters of the League System were mostly jurists by profession. But this was by no means all; Lord Cecil had sat for many years as a Conservative in Parliament, and at the formation of the first Coalition Government in the summer of 1915 he became Under Secretary at the Foreign Office, but soon was appointed Minister of Blockade with a seat in the Cabinet, continuing in his office when Mr. Lloyd George took Mr. Asquith's place as Prime Minister. Thus he went to Paris with first hand knowledge of the realities of war, and had not to handle the problems of its prevention and limitation with nothing but the aid of theories elaborately spun in an armchair.

In an article such as this it is unnecessary to retrace the processes by which the covenant of the League was framed. Lord Cecil lucidly explains the methods by which the principal articles were elaborated, and the degree in which each proved to be serviceable or nugatory in subsequent years. He explains with success, though with regret, the necessity of inserting the unanimity rule, which has greatly limited the scope of the League's activities.

Lord Cecil's account of Article 16 (Sanctions of the League) is not entirely convincing. He argues that the object of the covenant was not to punish the wrong-doing State, but simply to stop war. This does not seem very relevant to the discussion of appropriate penalties for the aggressor, dread of the League having failed to prevent him from making war. In the atmosphere prevailing in 1919 it was no doubt hoped that

penal action would seldom be necessary, and that if it were, economic pressure would almost always be effectual. As Lord Cecil recognizes, too much weight was ascribed to the force of public opinion for checking the schemes of ambition. It was not foreseen that a day might come when two or three of the leading figures in Europe would remain completely indifferent to public censure, whether pronounced at Geneva or at one of the rival capitals. This being so, it is not surprising that nobody put the categorical questions: "Is it likely that one of the Great Powers, having a grievance against a small country and jealous of its national honour will submit its case to the Council of the League? And if it does, and is held to be blameworthy but declines to hold its hand, will the members of the League apply serious "sanctions," even at the risk of starting a major war in which many countries may be involved?" That, as we know, was the rock on which Article 16 was ultimately shipwrecked, though Lord Cecil holds that it should not have been. If the authors of "sanctions" had cast their eyes back to the later years of the 19th Century, they might have found material for reflection. Had the League existed in 1898, Spain, a member, might have appealed to the Council against the United States, a non-member. This could have been done under Article 17, which has not been used because there has been no occasion for it, but remained operative. There was a strong case against the United States and many instructed Americans now believe that the war was a blunder. But if the Council pronounced a sentence of censure would America have given in? And if not, would the members of the League have agreed to put economic pressure on the Washington Government?

The following year offered a still more striking illustration in South Africa. The British were never less popular in Europe than at the close of the 19th Century. We had no real friends among the Powers. The Jameson Raid, not condoned by our Government but not adequately condemned, had left a disagreeable impression, and the German Emperor's swaggering telegram to President Kruger may have been generally approved. So that when we found ourselves at war with the Dutch Republics, the League of Nations, had it been born, would certainly have condemned us. Would it have gone so far as to hamper our trade? And if it had, should we have paid much attention? It was notorious that but for our command of the sea, help would have been given to the Republics in the form of weapons and munitions; and even if we had been able

to prevent this we should have been held up to scorn as aggressors. It would have been utterly unfair but would it not have happened?

Had these examples been quoted at the time as a warning it would no doubt have been replied that this might be so, but the war had so changed the minds of men that every Nation, great and small, would now be prepared to present its case to the impartial tribunal of Geneva, and need have no fear of the result. The treaties, indeed, would render any attempt at aggression most unlikely.

Similarly it was hoped that the merits of general disarmament to the level of forces not greatly exceeding national police might appeal to the war-wearied nations. But it was not until 1932 that a Disarmament Commission got to work. France, being so to speak in the front trenches, thought first of security, and believed that Germany, whether other countries reduced their armies or not, would not rest until Prussian Militarism was revived. Germany was already rearming in secret. Her demand for "equality," if conceded, would only mean superiority to France if population were the test. So the difficulties were formidable. Great Britain, however, proceeded for some distance on the road. Lord Cecil justly points out that one-sided reduction was contrary to the spirit of the League, which contemplated general action in such a sacrifice of old tradition. But British opinion differed from French. Apart from the simple-minded folk who believed that an unarmed country, clad in the white robes of peace, would be immune from attack, not a few thought that it would be a fine gesture for our powerful Empire to set an example which others would be eager to follow. There were very few prepared to re-echo the poet's warning of an earlier century:

I'm no' mistrusting Willie Pitt
When taxes he enlairges,
(And Will's a true guid fellow yet,
A name not envy spairges)
That he intends to pay your debt
An' lessen a' your chairges,
But, God's sake! let nae saving fit
Abridge your bonnie bairges
An' boats this day.

In the event a number of bonny barges were scrapped, and the rate of replacement was notably slackened. The air force, too, was kept at a low level, and the possibilities of novel warfare inherent in the invention of tanks, was not vigorously pursued.

Lord Cecil's sketch of what he calls the Early Years of the League covers a wide field and includes many pleasant cameos of individual colleagues and others besides describing the laborious activities of the body and its component Committees. It is needless to dwell on non-political ends in the main uncontroversial work in which from the first the League has been busy. Such, in its early days, were the problems of financial aid to States victimized by the war or by the Peace settlement, and throughout the whole series of humanitarian and social reforms which it has successfully prompted, such as measures against disease, suppression of slavery and of the traffic in women and in drugs with many more. The work of the International Labour office, of which the new Ambassador from America has recently been Director, is in a sense independent of the League, but it has gained in prestige from its association with Geneva. So marked has been the success of these social movements that some have suggested that a new League of Nations should confine itself to them. But Lord Cecil makes quite clear the objections to this timorous course. It is largely the centralized authority of the League which has given force and vitality to those reforms; and what is even more to the purpose the prevention of war, which is the main object of the League, is an essential condition for the growth of these social movements. In the existing chaos of the world they are in practice suspended.

It remains to touch on one or two of the international differences which have needed the intervention of the League. The first is the Corfu incident of 1923. Of this Lord Cecil gives an account which is mainly accurate but not complete. The boundary line between Greece and Albania was being delimitated. The Italian General who was conducting the enquiry was murdered by a Greek band on Greek territory. This was an exceptional outrage, for a Boundary Commissioner is as sacrosanct as any diplomatist, and his assassination is several points higher than murder in the first degree. Greece was ready to make reparation but Signor Mussolini must needs send warships to Corfu, where a bombardment caused some loss of life. This brought in the League of Nations, who proceeded to take up the question. But it was still in the hands of the Conference of Ambassadors at Paris, a body representing the Allied Powers aided by an American "observer," under the accomplished chairmanship of M. Jules Cambon. One of its duties was the supervision of Boundary Commissions, so in this case it dealt directly with the Greek Government.

Lord Cecil somewhat resents the idea that any international dispute could be referred to any body but the League, but he evidently does not know the reason for the conclusion reached at Paris. Italy had asked for an apology, which was correct, but also for a preposterous indemnity, which some of us would have reduced. But we were given to understand that if the matter went back to Geneva, and the Italian action were condemned, Italy would at once have retired from the League. This was not surprising, for she had never been an enthusiastic partner, and the League ideals were directly opposed to Signor Mussolini's conceptions of what was due to the Roman Empire. But security against aggression, guaranteed only by a combination repudiated by the United States, Germany, Russia, and Italy, did not sound very genuine, so that the French and British Governments did not relish the prospect of becoming solely responsible for the peace of the world. So it was thought wise not to haggle, but to admit the excessive indemnity. It was a most flagrant case, and the responsibility of the Greek Government was unquestioned. Also Greece was not a poor country, and was supposed to have done remarkably well out of the War, in which she had not played a quite heroic part. Very different, indeed, from the splendid revival which the world is admiring to-day. Looking back from to-day, it may be thought that this first evidence of Signor Mussolini's idiosyncrasies might have left British Statesmen more on their guard.

Far more serious, both from the historical point of view and that of the League, was the invasion of Manchuria by Japan in the Autumn of 1931. The attitude of the successive British Ministers responsible is unreservedly condemned by whole-hearted Genevans, but the justice of that verdict hinges on the acceptance of various hypotheses. Of these the principal is the willingness of America to join in coercive measures against Japan if economic pressure did not cause her to pause. It is impossible to reply with a certain yes or no to such a question. To have applied economic " sanctions," and if they failed, not to proceed to coercive measures, would have been to anticipate the Abyssinian fiasco of some years later. Japan was a country singularly vulnerable on the commercial side, being greatly dependent on imports for the supplies necessary for warfare, so that she might have had to yield to the exigencies of economic pressure and to admit the triumph of League principles. On the other hand, her regard for national honour was almost fanatical, and the military party, fortified by many

ancient traditions, was unusually strong. So the early "sanctions" might be defied, and strong measures would become imperative. What was the duty of the British Government?

Article 16 imposes on the Council the duty of "recommending" to each signatory of the Covenant the extent of its effective contribution to the armed forces to be used to protect them. It looked as though in this case we should be invited to make the principal contribution. At the outbreak of war in 1914 Lord Kitchener had pronounced the Japanese infantry to be the best in the world. But geography being what it is, it did not seem likely that large land forces, British or others, could be employed against Japan. But the Japanese fleet had shown itself formidable, and we should probably be asked to tackle it. This would mean that the bulk of our fighting fleet must be sent to Eastern waters, leaving our home defence force definitely weaker than that of other Powers, friendly though most of them might be. In the actual quarrel little assistance could be expected from other members of the League, and it may be questioned if any British Government would have ventured, or been permitted, to run the risk. However, it was declined, and the first step "downhill," as Lord Cecil puts it, had to be taken. It is probably true that like most costly first steps, it played a greater part in weakening the authority of those on whom it was forced than was warranted by the actual circumstances.

Within four years the League suffered a more severe shock from the action of some of its leading members in the dispute between Italy and Abyssinia. They were near neighbours, Italy having for some time owned the colony of Eritrea, which was understood to be fairly administered. The Government of Abyssinia was not exactly a model. The Emperor was thoroughly well-intentioned, but his control over some of the tribal chieftains whom he ruled as "King of Kings" was precarious. Some portions of the Empire were in a condition of barbarism, and it evidently would take long to eradicate slavery. In these circumstances a great chance was offered to the more civilized Power adjoining. By amicable persuasion and the force of example Italy within a few years might have achieved a position in Abyssinia not unlike that which at the end of fifty years Britain, in circumstances far more complicated, reached with an untrammelled and friendly Egypt. But this was not to be. Fascist ambition demanded far more. Its apostles could only recall the stern injunction: *Tu regere*

imperio populos, Romane, memento, forgetting that the Roman was also bidden to spread abroad the arts of civilization and peace. Careful preparations were made, and on the flimsiest pretexts Abyssinia was invaded.

It was not a fair fight, for the victim had no real armament, and the embargo against the import of arms to both combatants hit Abyssinia alone. After various attempts to devise a settlement, in October, 1935, the League decided to start economic pressure on Italy. It is said, with some force, that the first steps should have been to sever diplomatic relations with the Italian Government rather than to impose penalties affecting the mass of the people. This is not explicitly suggested by Article 16, but is implied in the statement that the covenant-breaking State shall be deemed, *ipso facto,* to have committed an act of war against the other members. A little later, the Hoare-Laval agreement largely favouring Italy, was accepted by the Government in rather obscure circumstances, but had to be abandoned owing to popular outcry. In the following summer " sanctions " were dropped, and the slighting of the League was complete.

One thing is clear, that it must be a blunder to impose economic penalties without the determination to employ military coercion if the earlier measures fail. In this case the arguments for going to war with Italy, if she resisted, were far stronger than in the Japanese instance. European opinion was greatly moved by the fate of far-off Manchuria. But the condemnation of Italy was almost unanimous, and the strategical problem was far simpler. The objection that a country should only go to war when its interests are directly affected is misleading, because the springs which may damage those interests are often concealed and unseen. Were it otherwise, the whole scheme of a League of Nations would be as unmanning as its detractors believe it to be.

1936 brought an event which proved to be even more important, and more ominous, than the Abyssinian *imbroglio.* Germany, with whom we had concluded a Naval Treaty, greatly to the chagrin of other Powers denounced the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty and sent troops into the demilitarized Rhineland zone. This was perhaps the one occasion on which the existence of the League was a bar to prompt individual action by the Powers concerned. Technically it was not the League's job, because the zone was German and no international dispute was involved. But the League was generally considered guardian of the observance of

treaties; so it was easier for hesitant Governments, like those of England and France, to dawdle instead of acting. The Locarno Treaty also went up in smoke. The whole affair ended in protests, first from Paris and London and lastly from Geneva. This was the supreme example of the *premier pas*. "After all," it was said, "this is German territory." A little later "After all," the Austrians are a German race;" then "After all, the Sudeten-Deutsch were forcibly broken off from Austria." And so until the mask was finally dropped conquest pure and simple became the rule.

A survey of this sort naturally takes note of the vicissitudes and anxieties that harassed the League rather than of its numerous successes, not only in the sphere of social reform but in the settlement of many international disputes. Too much was expected of it; but it is fair to say that where it failed it was rather through the action or inaction of certain Governments than from anything that was done at Geneva.

Bearing in mind the purpose of Lord Cecil's book, it remains to say a word of the future. Any reconstituted body must devote itself to what the author maintains was the main purpose of the League, the prevention of war. It did not always give that impression. When I was in Paris it was a frequent criticism that Geneva seemed less concerned with preventing war than with considering what it should do when the next war broke out. Perhaps this was scarcely fair. To-day some minds are captivated by the ideal of a European Federation. The two obvious examples of successful Federation are the American Union in which the States enjoy separate legislatures, with a central legislature at the Federal Capital; and the British Commonwealth of Nations, which favours the former but not the latter. Both of the different forms are hinged upon devotion to an ideal figure. In the American case it is that of the Union, typified by the homely and humorous portrayal of Uncle Sam. With us it is the wearer of the British Crown, without whose pervading personality it is questionable whether the Commonwealth and Empire could be permanently held together. Could any parallel be discovered in the Federation of Europe? Without discussing details it may be questioned whether the serene form of Peace clothed in white samite and seated on her throne, would compel universal allegiance. If that be so, the sole alternative is some form of conference on lines which cannot be laid down or even usefully discussed, until more is known of the probable outcome of the struggle. It seems to be generally held that the com-

ponent States must be prepared to abandon some of their independent prerogatives. Some of us hope that this will apply particularly in the economic sphere, with freer exchange of goods and services.

At the very outset of discussions in 1919 M. Bourgeois, the French representative, strongly favoured the creation of an International Force to carry out the League's decision. It was then deemed to be impracticable, and it certainly is hard to conceive how a heterogenous Army Corps could be composed, with its proper complement of machines and aeroplanes, where it should be posted, and what it would do with itself in peace-time. But the expansion, almost the re-birth of the air force may suggest a way out of the difficulty. For one thing, the speed with which it could reach its scene of action would give it the authority necessary for a preventive rather than a punitive force.

It is idle at this moment to conjecture a possible part which each country may take in framing a scheme; but the unknown quantity of Russia does not simplify the situation. Most people feel that Russia has not been happily handled. It is not easy to conceive, whatever M. Litvinoff may have meant or hoped, that Russia, at any moment, would have faced the main attack of the Axis Powers; but our refusal to accept the suggestion of a conference, on more than one occasion, needs more explanation than it has ever received. A post-war settlement without Russia would be a lop-sided affair, and should not be possible. So far as Britain is concerned, we can only trust that when these great affairs have to be deliberated, with the anxious care and tireless patience that will be demanded, our representatives will be men as high-minded and clear-headed as Lord Cecil. Why, indeed should he not be one of them? If he can he will be the spokesman of the Old Guard from Lake Leman.

THE SPIRITUAL PROBLEM OF GERMANY

By E. Muller-Sturmheim

GERMANY has deliberately set fire to the edifice of Western-Christian civilization, thereby becoming the greatest menace to all the nations who live under it on both sides of the Atlantic. It is the realization of this fact that makes the problem of post-war Germany as difficult as the problem of Germany of to-day. For it will depend on the form of life which the German people adopt after the war whether the destiny of the world is to be governed by bombs and poison gas, by the mentality of the bush, or by the Christian teachings that have raised Man from a state of barbarism into the light of a higher civilization.

It is understandable, therefore, that men of vision should already be devoting attention to the post-victory German problem. Many of them hold that a division of the Reich, that is, a revival of German particularism, will be the correct solution. This proposal is strongly reminiscent of the old political recipe, *Divide et impera*, yet I will not dismiss it by quoting the commonplace that history does *not* repeat itself and saying that it is impracticable for that reason alone. The problem facing the civilized world in this connection is so important, the disease to be cured so virulent, that all proposals relating to it must be carefully examined.

If a revival of particularism, even in a modified form, but still as particularism, were indeed *the* remedy, could it have been so completely crushed in the past? A thing that is strong and viable does not succumb easily. I am not alluding in this connection to Nazism, which destroys everything that falls into its power, but to those periods of German history when German particularism was still drenched with the reflected glory of royal and grand-ducal thrones, when the forces that bore and nourished it were still moulders and leaders of German political life—and when particularism nevertheless broke down at decisive moments.

In all combinations of the particularistic programmes the Southern States, and particularly Bavaria, naturally played

the leading rôle. When, in 1870, Bismarck set in motion Prussia's military precision machine against France, there was a violent clash between particularism and the idea of German unity. The Clerical majority in the Bavarian Chamber, which was opposed to the war, advocated armed neutrality. But Bavarian public opinion caused this policy to collapse like a house of cards. The Bavarian Cabinet was obliged to adhere to the treaty of alliance concluded with Prussia in 1866, and King Ludwig had to issue a mobilization order.

Particularism raised its head once more when Bismarck was preparing an effective finale for his work by having the King of Prussia crowned Emperor of Germany in the Versailles Hall of Mirrors. Bavaria tried to secure as many special rights as possible. In an attempt to exert pressure on Bismarck the King of Bavaria even recalled his negotiators from Versailles, but was himself subjected to pressure by Bavarian public opinion and was obliged to send them back in a hurry. They came to an agreement with Bismarck on November 23, 1870. Two other Southern States—Baden and Hessen—had already submitted to him. Württemberg's capitulation took place on November 25.

The concessions wrested by Bavaria from Bismarck were unimportant. A special concession not revealed until the Brest-Litovsk peace negotiations in 1917 consisted in the fact that a Bavarian representative appointed by the King, but instructed by the Reich Chancellor, was entitled to participate in all future peace negotiations. This secret concession was a secret, but no concession of any account.

These examples from one of the most important periods of German history show that particularism was already dead when it still appeared to be in its prime. Bismarck, despite all his thoroughness, did not kill it, but only granted it a state funeral. Its "earthly remains" were cremated by the Nazis on their accession to power.

From the practical standpoint it is irrelevant to point out that the Prussian Junkers were against a Greater Germany. This attitude, on which the particularists of to-day for some reason think they can rely to support them, found its most striking expression in a remark which the 74 years old Prussian King made to the Crown Prince shortly before his coronation as German Emperor: "It would be a great misfortune if I had to exchange the splendid Prussian Crown for that dirty Crown."

But he had to allow this "dirty Crown" to be placed upon

his head. He was defeated. Just like the Prussian Junkers. The explanation lies in the fact that the forces antagonistic to particularism had been operative for decades. At first they were disguised as a desire for Prussian leadership of the German States. We need only recall the dictum of Gneisenau, the Prussian military hero: "Prussia must win the mind of Germany, the primacy over the spirit."

However, an organized and therefore more intensive movement for unity—which through Bismarck led straight to the Nazis of to-day—only began during the first years of the second half of the 19th century. The "Congress of German *Volkswirte*" (founded in 1858) demanded economic unification; The "German National Federation" (founded in 1859) had for its political aim a strong central authority; the "German Congress of Jurists" (founded in 1860) demanded a homogeneous development of the German legal system. The "German Progressive Party," founded in 1861, based itself on the principle that "Prussia's greatness and existence depends solely on her union with the unified rest of Germany."

When, in 1862, Lord Palmerston, the British Premier, recommended an intimate association between Prussia, Austria and the other German Federal States, this produced no practical results, as the forces working for a united Germany had by then become too strong. Even Ferdinand Lassale, founder of the German Federation of Labour (May, 1863), thought that the social problems could only be solved in a Greater German, democratic State.

At festivals, meetings, as well as by means of an endless flood of newspaper articles and pamphlets the idea of the creation of a Greater Germany was hammered into German heads and hearts. Against this rising tide neither the Catholic Church, which wanted a Germany under the Habsburgs, nor the Protestant Church, which advocated a small Germany disassociated from Catholic Austria, could prevail.

The great Viennese historian and sociologist F. Hertz, summarizes these currents in his standard work, *Nationalgeist und Politik*, as follows:

> Historical destiny has ordained that approximately one third of the German speaking peoples should be left outside the Reich. From the Baltic coast to the Volga, from the kindred Dutch through Switzerland and Austria to Transylvania, German nationalism everywhere saw parts of the German people, which it hoped to win back in some way, and attach them to the German Reich politically, culturally or emotionally.

The Nazis set themselves to realize this hope, but in a brutal, inhuman manner, in a manner that constitutes a menace to the whole of Western civilization.

Let us assume, however, that a revival of particularism is nevertheless still possible. What would be the rallying points of a particularistic movement? (I am leaving Austria aside as a separate problem). The Catholic Church and the German dynasties would be the principal rallying points—but it is precisely these two factors which the Nazis, with instinctive insight, have reduced to helplessness. The Church, particularly the Catholic Church, has been deprived of power externally through the destruction of its institutions, and uprooted internally through the unscrupulous pollution of the hearts and minds of the "faithful." And as to the dynasties, the pillar that supported them was the idea of *dei gratia*, which was recognized by the Church. To-day the Church cannot help them, while any attempt to derive the energy for a particularistic reconstruction of Germany from the love of the people for the dynasties, could only be based on a profound ignorance of the processes of German history during the past 70 or 80 years.

It is a mistake to believe that a fundamentally homogeneous people—the temperamental differences between the German tribes (except the Austrians) are imponderables that may quite safely be ignored—can be weakened by division. Indeed, it would only lead to a new nationalism, no less vicious and barbaric than Nazism itself; and it would therefore be fatal to hang the millstone of particularism round the necks of the men who will be called upon to build up a new Germany.

It appears that those who propose the particularistic solution cannot be aware of the magnitude and nature of the German problem, otherwise they would not believe that it can be solved by drawing a few new boundary lines on the map.

The present war, as the Bishop of Chichester has rightly said, is "a crisis in creeds . . . between Hitlerism and the true civilization of the West." Which means that we are here confronted with a problem that is a spiritual and moral problem down to its very roots. The energies of the German people are being steered by an amoral gang in a direction that leads to moral nihilism.

The question arises whether the German nation still possesses those powers of resistance that might impel a change of spiritual direction, for we cannot conceal the fact that the German national character must have been predisposed to

Nazism, otherwise it would not have allowed itself to become its tool.

If the answer to this question is in the negative then the German problem as such must be regarded as incapable of solution, and the greatest problem of all: the creation of a community of nations based on justice and humanity would be rendered extremely difficult, if not impossible.

For it would be impossible to establish a Christian-ethical community of nations so long as there is in the heart of Europe a nation numerically as large as the Germans which devotes all its energies, to the point of exhaustion, to the realization of the thesis that " Might is Right," thereby keeping the entire civilized world from productive work and forcing it to defend itself against this barbarism.

However, we must not give way to pessimism. Even a shrewd critic and judge like Sir Robert Vansittart does not exclude the possibility of a spiritual change in the German people, though he rightly considers this to be extremely difficult.

In an essay entitled, *The Great Challenge*, published at the beginning of the war, Professor Gilbert Murray asks how it was possible that a Hitler should have succeeded in making himself leader of the German people, and his answer is that Hitler in his paranoiac vehemence represents the sense of defeat which has been alive in the German people, openly and secretly, consciously and unconsciously, since 1918.

The above question recalls the following passage from a document written by Bismarck in 1858: " Any elevation of his self-consciousness as against foreigners makes a Prussian easily forget that which vexes him about internal conditions." It is perfectly safe to replace " Prussian " with " German " in this sentence. However, Nazism has done a great deal more than raise German self-consciousness as against foreigners; it has persuaded the Germans that their race is the highest on earth, and that they represent the highest type of man. This " promotion " of the Germans by Nazism has caused them to forget that it has really reduced them to slavery and has made them the tool of the most perfidious power politics—thus proving the truth of Bismarck's dictum.

At the same time, this quality in the German people does not entirely explain the development that has brought them into conflict with the entire civilized world.

Even the frequently reiterated arguments concerning the hard and unjust terms of the dictated peace of Versailles, the

burden of Reparations, the inflation, the widespread unemployment, etc., are inadequate to explain this development, for other nations who have been exposed to similar shocks have not reacted in the same barbarous form as the Germans.

In the case of nations, as in the case of individuals, their actions are usually impelled by a variety of motives, though one or other of the individual motives may be more accentuated in the effect reflecting the complex of motives as a whole.

In the light of this consideration, the German problem will become at least more understandable, if not entirely clear, if we regard the German as a representative of that military social type of which the English evolutionary theorist Benjamin Kidd asserted that only its elimination could ensure the progress of civilization—a view that was also shared by Herbert Spencer.

Now, it is highly characteristic that the pre-Hitler god of the Germans is Frederick II. This Prussian King, who held that a man of rank who was not a soldier was a wretched and useless subject, who demanded that the army should be treated with reverential awe, who considered breaches of agreements as justified if they were in the interests of the State, who had spiritually mechanized his army to such an extent that his own brother and confidant, Prince Heinrich, was able to say after the Bavarian war of succession that there were no brains in that army, this Prussian King who knew no will but his own and who ruled with despotic absolutism, became the idol of the German nation. Although he himself admitted that Prussia was one of the poorest countries in Europe, that did not deter him from using for military purposes 82 per cent. and, including the War Reserve Fund, even 88.4 per cent. of the entire revenue of the State. In order to complete the picture, we may well mention that no less a person than the German classical author Lessing (whose memorial in Vienna has naturally been removed by the Nazis), in a letter addressed to another German author (Nicolai) characterized the Prussia of Frederick II. as the most enslaved country in Europe.

However, the elevation of Frederick II. to a German divinity was not due to the fact that he abolished torture and made a few rather unsuccessful attempts at legal and educational reform, but solely to the fact that according to him the army was an institution that must be viewed with " reverential awe." Frederick II. was the creator of the military social type which has reached its highest, one might say its totalitarian, perfection in Germany.

There was only a short step between reverence for the army and the worship of war. The leaders of the German people saw to it that the necessity for and inevitability of war as the outcome of an immutable natural law should become an axiom of faith among the German people. They fashioned pillars out of art, literature and science to support this axiom. When Darwin's theory burst upon a surprised world, it was the Germans who pressed it into the service of war ideology, reducing it to the simplest, most primitive formula: Devour or be devoured. Even the " theory " that the higher race was only born in order to dominate the lower, that is, to exploit it, was deduced from Darwin's ideas.

It is true that the non-German nations have also not been averse to war; as Johann von Bloch, the historian, has proved, there were 3130 war years and only 227 peace years between 1496 B.C. and 1861 A.D., that is, in 3357 years. Certain it is, however, that in no nation, except the Germans, did the ideology of war become a factor governing both the public and private life of the people. German national honour is of a purely military character. No Article of the Versailles Treaty hit the Germans so hard as the one limiting the size of the German Army.

But an army cannot be kept permanently in a state of preparedness unless there is the possibility of war within sight. At least, that is the view of the German militarists. Thus a good enemy has been regarded by many a German philosopher as a godsend. Prominent German military authors have frankly admitted that a too long period of peace might easily lead the people to think that the gigantic expenditure on the war apparatus was a waste of money. That is why, in Germany, politics and the military factor are intertwined. War is not something abnormal, but, as Clausewitz expressed it, simply a continuation of policy with other means.

This people, with this mentality, has come under the sway of Nazism, and the inevitable consequence has been that no attempt is made to solve on the basis of ethical principles any of the problems that are bound to arise in a morally and organizationally still imperfect world that is divided into States and nations. All solutions are being sought by means of the barbaric and therefore uncreative doctrine of power.

The heartless, brutal and amoral Nazism has barricaded the path to the better side of the German spirit, thereby enormously increasing the difficulty of the German problem. So long as the German nation remains in the clutches of Nazism, the

solution of the German problem will be absolutely impossible. Thus we must agree with British statesmen when they say that the most important aim of the present war is to defeat the enemy.

In this connection there arises the very important question how it will be possible to prevent a fresh German defeat from producing the same fatal consequences as after 1918.

The groups of people in a Germany liberated from Nazism who have not been infected with the disease of Nazism, must be supported in every possible way, in order to avoid a repetition of the errors committed during the period 1918-1933. These groups will at first constitute a minority, but minorities can grow into majorities if assisted by success. Also, it must be made clear to the German people that no one wants to destroy them, and that all that the civilized world does want, with inflexible determination, is that the German people should never again pounce upon their neighbours like a savage beast, that they should at last realize that other peoples also have rights, and that they should further realize that in a civilized community of nations there is no room for the doctrine that war is the finest, most magnificent experience a nation can have, that war is the justification of its very existence. However, the will alone is not sufficient; there must also be a means of enforcing it. Indeed, even the sword of justice with which to punish the criminal is not all that is required.

The wisdom of the Ancient Greeks established that "Know thyself!" was a condition of a true knowledge of the world. The nations who are to-day confronting the German beast of war will have to follow this injunction. They will have to put their own houses in order in accordance with the principles for the sake of which they have taken up the sword, and for the sake of which they, and particularly the British people, have accepted so much suffering. Once such an order has been established in their own houses, it will give them the power and the ability to solve international problems also on an ethical and constructive basis. We must not forget the psychological fact that the criminal whom we want to force to adapt himself to the moral law, has an extraordinarily keen eye for all the weaknesses and defects of those who are endeavouring to impose that moral law.

As I have said, the problems in question are only spiritual and moral problems, both in regard to Germany and in regard to the ordering of the living-together of the nations. Hence it is the spiritual and moral forces that must march to the Front.

The Nazis know that these forces constitute their greatest danger. That is why they have discredited the "Eastern fable" among the German people. They know that the Christian Churches, and indeed religion in general, represents a considerable part of the forces that can encompass their downfall. The representatives of the Churches must also become aware of this fact, for they are the guardians of the greatest moral treasure upon earth,—and guardianship means utilization, productive and creative utilization.

Bishop Ambrosius of Milan, in his fortieth epistle to the Emperor Theodosius, wrote as follows: ". . . nothing in a priest is so dangerous before God, so shameful before men, as a lack of frankness. Who shall dare to tell you the truth if not the priest?" And this question might be supplemented with another: "Who shall dare to fight for freedom and social justice, if not the priest?"

The crimes committed by Nazism against humanity are beyond forgiveness—even God cannot forgive them. The German people who have made themselves its accomplices, must do penance before God and men. The first step in that direction would be that they should listen to the voices of their own true and great spiritual leaders, which have again and again been drowned by the roll of the drums in the past. Then the German people will hear all the more easily the voices of those who to-day are compelled to knock out of their hands the weapons with which they are endeavouring to destroy and murder all the higher values that make life worth living.

(Dr. E. Muller-Sturmheim was formerly managing member of the Executive Committee and Secretary-General of the Austrian League of Nations Union.)

THE TASK OF AMERICAN UNITY

By Alistair Cooke

ONE of the ritual pieties of American elections is that moment on election night when the main trend has set in and the losing candidate goes on the air to concede his defeat and breathe a vigorous wish for national unity. Mr. Willkie showed a rather obstinate naivety in delaying this ceremony long after his running mate, Senator McNary, had thrown in the sponge, ten hours after Mr. Roosevelt had from his doorstep thanked an applauding crowd and gone to bed. However Mr. Willkie made amends by delivering several days later a prepared radio talk in which he very notably misconceived the nature of the opposition in American government and so helped a lot of people to understand it for the first time. This is now an historical item but it is not an academic point, even to a nation waiting on its beaches for Hitler's final visitation. When the chosen candidate of a powerful opposition chooses to misunderstand its function, he goes quite a way, however unwittingly, to discount the American system, which is not a parliamentary system and which cannot resort, even in wartime, to a coalition government.

Mr. Willkie's main point was that the 'minority' of 22 million citizens who had voted for him should continue "to express yourselves freely and openly to those who represent you in your state and national government." There was an ugly interim when it looked as if quite a sizeable body of Mr. Willkie's 'minority' would construe their personal allegiance to Mr. Willkie as a martyrdom higher than any duty to fall in line with the Republican party. Many of his most fervent supporters were eager to continue the national Willkie Clubs, which mushroomed wherever on his continental campaign tour Mr. Willkie had cared to rain his fresh and vigorous oratory. He was shrewd enough to see that a band of crusaders unattached to any party would divide the country to a point where the name of Willkie would be a public nuisance. He refused to sanction the use of his name. This was a great relief to the people who had regretted the slightly neurotic

terminology that had provided labels for the Willkie campaign: slogans, conceived as splendid purges, such as 'the crusade' and, 'We, the People.' Though Mr. Willkie was certainly not sponsoring a youth movement, or any other psychopathic surrender, there were elements among his supporters that might have been strengthened and organized to take Mr. Willkie and the United States places neither of them intended to go. Mr. Willkie must have known this and having once soothed this fear, he was anxious to spur the people who had voted for him to use their constitutional rights with the energy they had shown during the campaign. In suggesting the way they should do it, he innocently propounded a doctrine that if acted on would deprive the United States of the best in the two-party system. Mr. Walter Lippmann, shocked to his political grammarian's core, commented—"This conception of a solid minority of 22 million citizens led by a private citizen and expressing itself *to* and not *through* its representatives is to say the least a most unhappy conception." He went on to stress that the 22 millions who voted for Mr. Willkie are not a minority, any more than Mr. Roosevelt's 27 millions are the majority: "they are all American citizens with absolutely equal rights."

In the American system, the Republicans became last November the minority party, since they failed to elect the President and Vice-President. But since that time, the Willkie 'opposition' is legally non-existent. So unfortunately, by the same system, is the political status of the defeated candidate. This is a characteristic misfortune that commentators never fail to lament when the election is over. Mr. Willkie has to look around not for such an alien luxury as 'a safe seat' but for a job. He who was nearly Cæsar is now ineligible for a post as centurion. Some people suggested that the Constitution should be amended to provide for a new type of Senator, a sort of Senator-at-large, not restricted (by the locality rule) to representing any State but enjoying office as an able and distinguished man whose ability should be used in the national interest. Elections always point up this crucial weakness of the American system, but already the point is forgotten. What has emerged from all this however is the central reason why national political unity is a very hard thing to achieve. The method of American government assumes what has been called a "continuous, loose-jointed, internal conflict." This conflict cannot be resolved in an agreement between the parties, to share government in the national inter-

est. For the parties, majority and minority, are both the legal subordinates of the executive. The success of national unity, in any national undertaking, is ultimately the success of the President's personality. And in a crisis like the present one, the best compound would seem to be a gift of strong leadership tempered by imaginative generosity to the political opposition. President Roosevelt unhappily is not apt to temper his single-mindedness by pretending to share with anybody its political effects.

It may be said that since the American system is superbly geared to a national crisis, throwing immense guiding powers into the hands of one man, President Roosevelt's faults are just the faults to have at such a time. Yet the success of sole responsibility is assured only by the ability of its holder to keep the goodwill of everybody. And just when an imaginative gesture would restore goodwill, the President habitually underlines his executive freedom. The best example to take is the Lease-Lend Bill, which is at this writing before the House Foreign Affairs Committee.

When it was first sent to Congress, the President said at his press conference he was sorry that he had had to give himself such enormous and arbitrary powers. But the opposition, at least, suspected he was repeating a favourite tactic which has worked brilliantly time and again during the past seven years; it's the strategy long familiar to small boys, of asking for the man in the moon for Christmas in the hope of getting, say, a water pistol. This time, it may not work out. The President did not consult any Republicans before he launched the bill, though most people hoped he would, since he has said many times that national unity is the essential inspiration of the defence programme. When Mr. Willkie came out for the Bill, the country was heartened by the kind of gesture it had expected from the President. The Willkie proviso of a time-limit on the emergency powers was also something that the President could agreeably have sponsored.

The President's prestige was probably higher after his fireside talk on defence than at any time since the 'hundred days' of 1933. His most implacable enemies were willing then to work with him if he should ask for their co-operation. It was a great opportunity and Mr. Roosevelt lost it. After the Lease-Lend Bill was made public, the country started to divide again along forgotten pre-election enmities. People began to get angry, not at the terms of the Bill, but at Mr. Roosevelt. Once again he, not defence, became an issue. The old dictator-

ship issue, which the Republicans were willing to bury as a campaign bogeyman, was dug up again by people quite sincerely doubtful whether the President would ever give power to any but his own Administration advisers. The only literal threat to the Bill is in the reservations that this rising enmity may exact out of spite. Somehow the President will have to win back the prestige he has lost. But it is now unlikely he can do it with words.

If by some unprecedented stroke of political generosity the President began to delegate power right and left, the people would feel they were being led in unity, and it would then be idle to enumerate the things that threaten the defence programme. Nothing now (mid-January) can delay or quicken the tempo of defence production, since at last it seems the ideal organization has been discovered in the Office of Production Management (OPM) with Mr. Knudsen and Mr. Hillman as its joint heads. But if the President had been willing six months ago to hand out authority in more than driblets, the OPM might have been set up as early as September. It takes an actual effort of memory to recall that the President's first plan was to ask for fifty thousand planes a year, to appropriate sufficient money to buy only about one-fifth of these, and to appoint the Secretary of the Treasury to handle airplane procurement and Mr. Harry Hopkins to supervise industrial mobilization. It is hard now to imagine a more amateur set-up. Newspaper commentators, retired service men, industrialists, and production experts said so with unabated heat, until Mr. Roosevelt created the Defence Commission, while keeping real initiative still pretty centralized. Then Mr. Knudsen confessed that production was thirty per cent. behind schedule. Another newspaper campaign of pleas and irony and invective. Then a four-man commission, finally entrusted to the control of one industrialist and one labour chief.

It is important to add that the Lease-Lend Bill hearings will not affect the speed of armament production, as Mr. Churchill's Glasgow speech misleadingly implied. The hearings and the subsequent debate could go on for two months without affecting the delivery of a single plane or rifle to England.

If however, Mr. Churchill was trying to say that there was not a day to be lost in releasing current stocks of the American Army and Navy to Britain as early as January, then it was later than America had been told. The United States is not now equipped to fight even a defensive war and if the British

situation was so desperate in January that she needed the loan of supplies from a nation with an army still inferior to the army of Holland or Belgium at the time of their surrender, I doubt if there was anything at all that could be done. Nor is there any cause for recrimination at the expense of the American people, their business leaders, or the luxuriance of their democratic processes. These were not, after the fall of France, the enemies of the President, or the enemies of a policy of total defence. As for the small and scattered band of 'appeasers' they were for all practical purposes left high and dry by the wave of defence prosperity, and the President was right not to bother to answer or convince them.

The best is now being done by American production and the skill it employs. There is no excuse of inefficiency or delay that can be further exploited. The time to regret is the time that has gone for ever—the leisurely pace of the Allied purchases of 1939 and early 1940, the cheerful switching of plane designs, the President's humorous snubs at business men he might well have used.

Even now, before January is over, America is in a sense on its own. She is working with maximum energy against the dread eight months, the 'dead period' that is needed to turn blueprints into planes and guns and tanks. But her self-confidence and national unity will not be proved on the assembly line. They can be assured only by the President's willingness to obliterate party lines and invite many sorts of men to share the terrific powers that Congress will vote him. Much depends on the encouragement Congress gets to vote those powers in a spirit of pride.

BRITISH PROPAGANDA

By C. F. Melville

BRITISH propaganda during the last war was a conspicuous success. We have Hitler's testimony that it inspired him to set up his own propaganda machine. Why, then, has it been such a failure during the present war? Critics invariably blame the Ministry of Information. There is much that is deserving of criticism in that department, and I shall not be sparing of it in this article, but it does not provide the complete answer. The Ministry of Information has become the recognized Aunt Sally. But the newspaper attacks on it have mainly missed the point. They have concentrated on such matters as the personalities of the Ministers and Directors and the size of the staff. To do this is to deal with the effect and to neglect the cause. The result has been constant changes in personnel at the Ministry, but not any appreciable improvement in our propaganda. For the root cause—from which all the other mistakes take their origin—lies in the fundamental misconception of the Government as to the meaning of war-time propaganda and the function of the propaganda machine. It explains why changes in personnel have not brought any essential improvement. For if you have the wrong kind of machine, merely changing the engineers will not make any difference.

The Government should have realized that this war is as much political as military; that Hitler's successes were as much due to propaganda as to military action, and that it was up to us to fight him back with similar weapons. They should have understood that we needed a "fourth service," a political war department, to supplement the three existing services of army, navy and air force. They realized that the economic weapon was as necessary as the military, and created the Ministry of Economic Warfare. But they failed to create a Ministry of Political Warfare.

Thus the fundamental mistake was made at the very beginning. A Ministry of Political Warfare, under a Minister of Cabinet rank, who should be regarded as just as important as

the Service Ministers, would have had the authority and the resources for conducting our propaganda as part of a wider planned political strategy. It would have enabled us to combat Hitler in the field of ideas as well as on the battlefield. Instead, the government regarded propaganda merely as a sort of adjunct to the military side of the war, and it created the Ministry of Information as a side-line, without either the authority to plan on a large scale, or the technique or resources to put any big plan into execution.

Many improvements have taken place at the Ministry of Information since its inception. But they have been of a piecemeal nature. The machinery, such as it is, now works more smoothly than it did in the early days of the war. The present Minister, Mr. Duff Cooper, is better qualified for his job than were his predecessors. The present Director-General, Sir Walter Monckton, is also better qualified than his predecessors. He should have had the job long before. There are many intelligent officials on the staff. But these improvements cannot greatly influence the situation so long as the fundamental misconception of the meaning and function of propaganda remains.

The history of our still-born war propaganda effort makes painful reading. It dates back to the months immediately preceding the war. At that time, when it was becoming clear that war was inevitable, steps were taken to create a " shadow staff " for a Ministry of Information which would be set up when war actually started. Whitehall had only the vaguest ideas as to what such a Ministry should do. Various embryo departments were created—to blossom out into press bureau, censorship, home and foreign publicity and so on. All these departments were very necessary, but when the war broke out and the " shadow staff " became the Ministry of Information, all these component parts started to function without relation one to the other, because the central guiding idea, which should have knit them together in close collaboration, was lacking. The result, especially during the opening phase of the war, was utter confusion. One department would inspire the press to publish such and such an item of news, while another department would forbid publication. At the same time there was a continuous tug-of-war between the Ministry's central censorship and information departments on the one hand, and the military, naval and air force departments on the other. As time went on the worst of these absurdities were ironed out. Various reforms and re-organizations resulted, at a later stage,

in the establishment of some kind of inter-departmental harmony, for which the press was duly grateful. For these practical improvements we owe a considerable debt of gratitude to Sir Walter Monckton.

But other troubles, inherent in the original misconception, were harder to eradicate. Mr. Chamberlain's government, and its advisers, regarding propaganda as a side-line, which anybody could do, instead of as a war service as important as the army, navy and air force, which would require handling by experts, permitted the Ministry of Information, both in its embryo form as the " shadow staff," and later in its mature form as a Ministry, to be conducted and staffed by the most amazing crowd of amateurs and jacks-of-all-trades ever assembled under a Ministerial roof.

During the early months of the war, the staff list of the Ministry of Information included every conceivable trade, profession and calling other (with a very few exceptions) than journalism. Business men were given high positions. Advertising agents whose prowess consisted in selling proprietary goods to the house-wife public were thought to be more suitable for the conduct of our propaganda than journalists with long and intimate experience of international politics. Bureaucrats, business men, election agents, religious publishers, and friends of friends of important people, they all crowded into the Ministry and indulged in the kind of activity in which the mountain brings forth the mouse.

As time went on improvements were made. Amongst the horde of incompetents in various departments, a number of intelligent and efficient people were later able to find a place. But, with the exception of the Foreign Office News Department, which was transferred from the Foreign Office to the Ministry, there was not one department, and still is not, which, as a body, has had a specialized training and experience in the work they have to do. Nevertheless, there is now a sufficient number of intelligent people at the Ministry for it to be able to conduct a successful propaganda effort abroad, provided that the Ministry be raised from a side-show without authority to plan, to the status of a " service " department with authority to plan.

I will illustrate this contention with some actual examples. They will show that there have been occasions when the Ministry of Information has been on the right track, but its own lack of authority, and the ignorance of senior departments, have brought about negative results.

During the early months of the war, for instance, a leading newspaper in a certain Balkan capital, wanted to have a London correspondent. The newspaper was known to be to some extent under German influence. Nevertheless, in a mood of objectivity, it decided to appoint an Englishman. The offer was made, through our Legation in the Balkan capital in question, and the Ministry of Information, to an English journalist who enjoyed the double advantage of great experience of the Balkans and many valuable contacts there. Here was a heaven sent opportunity for putting over a column per day of British propaganda in the form of news. Yet it all came to nothing.

This is what happened. The Balkan paper imagined that as its Berlin correspondent was given free telephonic facilities for news transmission, the same facilities would be accorded in London. Not a bit of it. The British Government had never done this sort of thing before and could not understand why it should begin now. The Ministry of Information applied time and time again to the Treasury for a grant to cover this telephonic news transmission service. The cost was precisely two hundred and forty pounds per year. But the Treasury turned it down each time, arguing that this would create a precedent! Two hundred and forty pounds per year could not be found for propaganda worth thousands! Yet something like thirty-five thousand per year had been found for foreign newspaper translation work by the Royal Institute of International Affairs. The two hundred and forty pounds would have been well spent. The thirty-five thousand could just as well have been thrown down the sink. Yet the former could not be granted, and the latter could.

The outcome of all this was that the Balkan newspaper in question became tired of having a non-corresponding correspondent in London, and duly gave him the sack. Ever since this newspaper has obtained its news about Britain and the British war effort from the German official news agency "D.N.B!"

This, it should be remembered, was the period when effective British propaganda in the Balkans was possible. Germany had not yet established the grip she now has in those parts. But the opportunity was thrown away. Whitehall insisted on spoiling the ship for a halfpennyworth of tar.

Months later, after the Germans had succeeded in establishing their grip upon the Balkans, to the extent that no Balkan newspaper dared to publish more than a bare minimum

of news from British sources, the Treasury was induced by the Ministry of Information to withdraw its opposition to the spending of a little money on propaganda in South Eastern Europe. A wireless news service to newspapers in various Balkan capitals was started, and experienced journalists co-opted from outside to assist in writing the news telegrams. But this came too late. For by this time it was practically impossible to get over a line from London. Frightened Balkan censorship officials and scared Balkan editors were afraid to touch it. A good deal of money was spent on this scheme, but it brought but little results. Eventually it had to be closed down.

But although this particular scheme proved abortive, it nevertheless provided some useful technical lessons. It showed, for example, that the Balkan newspapers to which the news was sent by the Ministry of Information would generally ignore what seemed to be of direct official inspiration but would give a few lines to quotations from London newspapers, especially when such quotations dealt with the British view on questions of local Balkan interest. One of the British journalists who was assisting the Ministry on this work at the time, happened to be diplomatic correspondent of a London daily and a London weekly. He wisely made a point of quoting his own reports and those of other British diplomatic correspondents in the news telegrams he sent to the Balkans.

This leads me to another point, the importance of which I feel should be specially stressed. It is that news-giving departments at the Ministry would do well, from time to time, to ask the London and provincial diplomatic and political correspondents, with whom they are in daily contact, to write such and such a comment on the situation in such and such a country, *for the purpose of this comment being quoted in the press of the country concerned.* Ours is not a controlled press. It cannot be ordered by officialdom to do or not to do anything. But it can be requested. I have been a London diplomatic correspondent for many years. I can testify to the good relations and excellent collaboration which has always existed between the press representatives of Fleet Street and the press officials of Whitehall. I cannot imagine any diplomatic correspondent refusing such a request, at least not in war time, if it be explained to him that it would be useful from the point of view of national policy.

Not so long ago there was a typical example of the harm which can result from this not being done. Prince Paul, the

Regent of Yugoslavia, made a speech, which, although objective enough, could be seen, reading between the lines, to be a warning to the Axis that his country would resist aggression. Such a speech, to say the least of it, made more grateful reading in London than it could have done in Berlin or Rome. Yet it never occurred to anybody at the Ministry of Information to request the press to make some favourable comment. The speech was reported in the British press—unfortunately in some instances in smaller type than a report about a bomb outrage in Zagreb!—but without a word of comment. But favourable comment was made in the German press, and sent to the Yugoslav press by the German D.N.B. agency! Would it be surprising if the impression created in Belgrade should have been that the Germans were more sympathetic than the British!

In making these criticisms of the Ministry of Information I am not indulging in the favourite newspaperman's pastime of setting up an Aunt Sally for the pleasure of knocking it down. I hold that the failure of the Ministry to have dealt with these matters in the right way was due, fundamentally, to the fact that it is not really a propaganda ministry, with the primary function of planning political warfare campaigns, but only a medley of various sub-departments, each one going its own way. Hence the failure of the foreign publicity side and the department which gives news to the British press to get together and evolve a plan on such occasions. In a fully fledged Ministry of Political warfare, there would necessarily be some kind of General Staff for co-ordinating effort in these cases. Moreover, such a Ministry, with full authority, and adequate resources, would be able to command the services of the ablest and most experienced men.

I have not, so far, touched on the question of wireless propaganda. On the whole this has been much better done than the press side. Indeed, the press side has practically been neglected altogether. The B.B.C. does at least put out foreign language broadcasts. This is essential. It has a considerable effect. But by itself it is not enough. On the Continent especially, there is the habit of reading newspapers in the cafés. It is, therefore, a thousand pities that newspaper propaganda was neglected in neutral Continental countries until it was too late—until there were hardly any neutral countries left, and even those that are left are too scared of the Germans to publish British material. Over nine valuable months were wasted.

The wireless propaganda has much to commend it. But even here there is room for improvement. The broadcasts to various countries are too uniform. Too little attention paid to the differences of national temperament. And there is not enough appreciation of the subtle differences of mentality between the inhabitants of different parts of the countries concerned. Space forbids going into this subject in detail. I can but mention it in passing.

A word as to subject matter of propaganda. High principles and cultural values are not enough. Material—and more especially military—facts are more convincing, especially to those peoples who, although friendly to us, are living close to the German menace. I remember once, when British news was being sent to the Balkans from the Ministry, a journalist wanting to include in his telegram the fact that it was possible for British bombers to reach the Rumanian oil fields. Higher authority forbade it. It had to be deleted from the telegram. But the same journalist was once instructed to send a piece about Vitamins in British bread. I do not think that any inhabitant of an Eastern European country would care whether we had vitamins in our bread or not. But he would be very impressed by facts about our tanks or planes.

All my criticisms in detail are necessarily subordinate to my main criticism: that our propaganda machinery lacks a general plan and purpose. All the mistakes and failings to which I have drawn attention in this article are, I am convinced, the outcome of this main trouble. If this could be put to rights, the minor errors resulting from it, could easily be corrected.

To sum up:—

Minor reforms will not now meet the case. The whole question of our propaganda needs putting on an entirely new footing. We must have a Ministry of Political Warfare, conducting a "war of ideas," and wielding a weapon which, in its way, should be recognized as being equally important with the military weapons. At the head of such a Ministry there should be a Minister with a seat in the Cabinet. The Minister should be in the position to devise political campaigns in enemy and enemy occupied countries, and in neutral countries, in consultation with the Foreign Office and the Service Ministries. He should also be in the position to advise the Service Departments that, subject to the consent of the Prime Minister, and subject to military requirements, the bombing of such and such

a territory would have such and such a desirable political effect.

As I see it, under these conditions propaganda would become a much larger and more important function than it is at present: for, from being a mere adjunct to our general war effort, it would become an integral part of it. It would enable us to win the battle of ideas, the domain in which hitherto all the successes have been Hitler's.

It may be argued, of course, on the showing of the facts given in this article, that while propaganda on this scale would have been useful during the early days of the war, when neutral countries existed in plenty, it can hardly be useful now that nearly all Europe has come under German dominion. There are two answers to this: one is that as we begin to obtain military successes in European fields of war, as we have recently gained them in Africa, the enslaved peoples will begin to revolt, and that it will be necessary for us to encourage their revolt by propaganda; the other is that the last phase of the war, like the first, only in a different way, will be one in which the prosecution of political warfare will be of paramount importance. We have got to set up our "New Order" against the Enemy's. The present phase—in which the fighting seems to be purely military rather than ideological—will not last for ever. Now is the time to make preparations for equipping ourselves for that final victory in the realm of ideas which must accompany our final victory on the field of battle.

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DEMOCRACY AND MASS-OBSERVATION

By Arthur Calder Marshall

IN time of war, it is inevitable that speech should be curtailed in certain respects. The public safety is endangered and the common facts of movement and activity, which make up a large amount of peace-time conversation, suddenly become military secrets. The tongue, which seems to derive benefit from exercise, must be controlled.

On the other hand, war brings with it an attendant freedom of ideas. Forms, techniques and axioms, taken for granted in peace, are brought into question. What we regarded as fundamental to living, we discover is merely incidental. There is not a person in this country who, during the last eighteen months, has not changed his way of life, his diet, sleeping habits and attitude to property.

The change is not confined to living. War opens new perspectives for the intellect. Minds, which from sloth or preoccupation with more immediate problems, accepted the status quo as unquestionably as they accepted the Culbertson System, begin to query the " absolutes " which can precipitate war in the twentieth century. Few are still so blind that they cannot see in the present conflict the failure of the old organization of European relations.

This release of intellectual energy must be written down as one of the assets of armed conflict. Speculation, pursued with an open mind, is essential, if the eventual armistice is not to catch the warring peoples unprepared for the work of reconstruction. The emotions which make for good fighting all too often vitiate good peace-making; and what should be a far-sighted plan to avoid the repetition of a similar human catastrophe becomes the vicious reprisal of an embittered victor. This happened at the end of the last war, and there are already signs, in for example the speeches of Sir Robert Vansittart, that a similar spirit of hostility is obscuring the judgment of certain statesmen.

This war-hysteria, as far as my experience in the army goes, is not shared by the average man; and I have been interested

to hear from those who have visited 'blitzed' cities that the demand for bloody reprisals is not nearly so common among those who have experienced a blitz as it is among those who hear of it. Since so much larger a section of the public has had first hand experience of this war than they did of the last, there seems to be a hope that public opinion will prove to be a moderating force, if it can be expressed.

Democracy, the principle for which we are told that we are fighting, is based upon the assumption that the people is the best judge of the measures taken for its governance. This involves no mystical belief in the intuition of the common people. It springs from the conviction that these who wear a boot know better where it pinches than the best of boot-makers.

Since the present is the best time for examination of accepted beliefs, it is worth while examining whether democracy has ever existed in this country, whether the existent techniques are capable of realizing democracy and what other and better techniques can be introduced to supplement them.

The political ideal of democracy is that those affected by a law should be able to express their opinion on that law before it is framed and that the decision of the majority should prevail. But since that would involve the impossible procedure of innumerable referenda, the principle of representative government is introduced.

Representative government, even if it were truly representative, would in itself be a very clumsy tool for expressing public opinion. A general election, held every four or five years, can only express the opinion of the people to very few of the questions which must arise in the course of a parliamentary term. In practice, the representative principle falls even further short of true democracy, since parties deliberately mislead the public about their policies, introduce planks into their platforms which are nothing more than catchvotes and exploit the last minute canard to stampede the politically uninformed to their side at the polls. Representative government has been tried and found wanting in its present form: the majority of the public view it either with indifference or contempt. Only those approve of it, who find that this system preserves their interests; and while these are financially powerful, they are numerically unimportant.

"You can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time," remarked the American democrat, "but you can't fool all the people all the time." Realizing the

truth of this, British political parties are content if they can fool most of the people at election time.

I believe that the British people possesses some political genius, though in the past thirty years we have shown ourselves to be politically more apathetic than any other nation in the world. We have never given democracy the chance to work, through indifference, pessimism or self-content. It has needed a new war, after the war to end war, to jerk most of us from watching games to watching governments.

In theory, our newspapers are organs of public opinion. In practice, they present their news to the public, with careful regard to the interests of advertisers, the policy of their proprietors and the tactics of the party which their proprietors support. They are not opinion testers or expressors, but opinion formers. The grand abstracts of journalism, Great Britain, The British People, The Empire, the Heart of the People, mean respectively The Cabinet, half a dozen people at the most to whom a journalist has talked, one or two colonial or dominion politicians or newspapers, and the desperate endeavour of a hack to fill up space, left by his slipping round the corner for a quick one. The only newspaper that has made a serious attempt to estimate popular feeling is the *News Chronicle*, which has secured the exclusive rights of printing the findings of the British Institute of Public Opinion.

The idea of the B.I.P.O. comes originally from America, where various opinion polls have been in operation for some years. But the technique and inspiration of statistical opinion tests was derived first from advertising. (How enterprising the advertising business has been in the evolution of techniques and research! And how futile its aims!)

The statistical test of public opinion was evolved by advertisers firstly to form a basis for advertising campaigns—the reconnaissance of publicity, so to speak; and secondly, to estimate the success of an advertising campaign—the check-up before the official communiqué was issued. For the convenience of tabulation, questionnaires were issued in the form of questions, the answers to which were either Yes, or No. The Don't Knows were eliminated where possible. To the question, "Do you use Pongo Soap?" the answer must be Yes or No. To the question, "Do you like scented soap?" "Don't know," is a possible answer: and there statistics would be presented. "Of 356 people questioned, 10% had no preference; of the remainder, 57% preferred scented soap, 43% unscented."

For the purpose of advertisement tests, only that section of

the public which might be induced to buy the product were examined. Checking on a sales campaign for Rolls Royce cars, Bermondsey and Balham were equally ignored, and Mayfair was not included in statistics on the sale of branded dungarees.

When the tests were applied to public opinion however, the whole of the nation was involved, and it was necessary to discover what formed 'a representative dip.'

There are certain broad categories, into which people fall; economic, regional, national and in certain cases religious. In order to compile accurate statistics, it is essential to know the proportion of people in the various income level groups, and within that broad division, the ratios of men to women, married to unmarried, black-coated to manual workers, industrial to rural, etc., etc.

The assumption underlying these tests is that if Smith, Jones and Robinson are in basically identical situations, and have certain similar ideas (such as belief in Protestantism, Catholicism or Seventh Day Adventism), their views and behaviour in the unknown situation X will be identical. Despite all beliefs in the uniqueness of each individual, experience has shown that this assumption is broadly correct and errors are more likely to occur through the faulty compilation of the 'representative dip' owing to incorrect estimation of the ratios of one class to another than through individual variations, unpredictable from external situations.

An interesting check on this has been provided by the war. Militiamen conscripted from every stratum of society have been subjected to strange but uniform conditions; and have evolved a philosophy not common to the taxi-drivers, actors, clerks and plastererers that they were in civilian life, but common to the militiamen that they are now. There are variations within that philosophy, but in few cases are they individual variations. They depend on whether the militiaman intends to try for promotion, as N.C.O. or officer.

Suppose that the 'representative dip' has been decided on. The next step is the framing of the questionnaire. To have any scientific value, it must be drawn up so that the decision is presented neutrally. There is a world of difference between, "Do you believe that Mr. Churchill is the best man to lead the War Cabinet?" and "Don't you believe that Mr. Churchill, etc.?"

In the answering of any questionnaire, there exists a personal situation which is imponderable. The questioner

may be pressed for time, because he is behind his quota, and so may hurry the answer. In certain cases, especially where questioners are underpaid, he may ' fudge ' some of his answers, having found the proportion of answers on a smaller dip than his allotment. (Questioners have to take the names and addresses of those they question and inspectors make random check-ups later: but even so inaccuracies may creep in).

Answerers may react in a number of different ways from that in which they are desired to react. They may, for example, never have formed an opinion on the question and may answer at random to get rid of the questioner. They may desire to please the questioner and give the answer which they imagine he wants. In this case, they tend to answer the opposite of what they really believe, since, they argue, " If he really wants to hear that A. is so, as I always believed, why should he ask the question? " Anyone who has asked a child or class of children some simple question such as " What is twice two? " will remember the hesitation while the class thinks, " He couldn't ask us anything as simple as that. There must be a catch in it somewhere." The questioner still works under the difficulty that the public is unfamiliar with opinion tests, and that most strangers who knock at doors want to sell something. As opinion testing becomes accepted as a social technique, this difficulty will diminish. But there will always remain the difficulty that questioning induces a self-conscious or ' public ' attitude.

There are other objections to the questionnaire. For one thing, the Yes-No answers cannot be suitably applied to questions of opinion. " Do you use Pongo's soap? " is simple enough. You do or you don't. " Do you approve of the Government's Agricultural policy? " is very different. To be forced to answer with unequivocal affirmative or negative must distort the accuracy of all complex answers. Even the breaking up of the complex into half a dozen or more different possible attitudes will fail to give trustworthy results.

The *News Chronicle* publishes from time to time the results of the American Gallup polls on " Are you in favour of all aid to Britain short of war? " These questionnaires record a change of opinion from one month to another. But they cannot be taken as signifying what they are supposed to signify. Continually changing circumstances cause alterations of opinion from day to day, and even if they were accurate, of which one cannot be at all certain, it means that people at the date of the poll felt that certain measures should be taken

which might precipitate war at a future date, but it doesn't mean that at that future date they would necessarily be in favour of war.

The issue of war and peace is clear-cut, even in these days of non-belligerency. But the majority of questions which face us in peace or war are not clear-cut. The statistical method, provided that the questionnaires have been very carefully framed (and all readers should study these questionnaires very critically, before assessing the value of the answers), can be very useful in the determination of public attitudes to simple issues or public reactions to simple situations. Its merits are implicit in its defects. It can sum up very wide research in a short and easily intelligible form. But there is great danger that the simplification of statistical treatment will invalidate the findings.

The alternative to statistical treatment is something on the lines of Mass-Observation. It is very significant that Mass-Observation grew from the application not of publicity techniques (in which it was the desire of the advertising firm to present their clients with easily recognized proof of the efficiency of their campaigns and the nature of public requirements), but of methods evolved to study social anthropology.

Mr. Tom Harrisson, co-founder of Mass-Observation with Mr. Charles Madge, started his career as a bird watcher. In the New Hebrides, he turned his attention from birds to men; and on his return, he wrote *Savage Civilization*, remarkable among anthropological works, because it studied the habits not only of the native population, but also of the white people resident on the islands.

For a time Mr. Harrisson contemplated leading a much larger expedition to New Guinea, but finally he decided that subjects more fascinating and neglected lay before him in his native island. Approaching the everyday life of our people with the wide-eyed curiosity of the scientist, mass-observers soon discovered that our civilization was as strange and unexplored as that of the most inaccessible of primitive tribes.

Statistical tests tried to find the answer to single questions; all else was irrelevant. To mass-observers nothing was irrelevant; they cast their net wide and then examined what they caught.

The public has had some opportunity of seeing examples of their research, ranging from the study of public and private attitudes during the Munich crisis to popular manifestations like the success of the Lambeth Walk. No one would contend

that any of the studies so far published is perfect in method or presentation. But no one can deny that each new publication showed a great advance in both respects. Mass-observation is a new science, still in its infancy, but already capable of very valuable work.

With every year, more material is compiled and the criteria by which new developments can be judged are refined. It is already possible to judge present-day feelings in comparison with the findings of five years ago. The wild, if sometimes brilliant, generalizations of earlier days are tempered by experience.

The material of Mass-Observation is less malleable than that of a Gallup Poll. Subjective and objective reactions must be distinguished; but each has a value of its own. A behaviourist is only concerned with what people say and do. Mass-Observation is forced to study not only words and actions (which are often mutually contradictory), but also thoughts and feelings, which may well be something quite different again. Mr. Harrisson has found it neccessary to distinguish between ' public ' and ' private ' attitudes. Consider the way in which an office boy speaks to his boss, and then to his fellow office boys. What people say and what they really feel is as different as the office boy's two manners.

To codify the material which comes in daily from all over the country needs skilled organization and highly trained workers. Parish magazines, privately owned newspapers, diaries, reports by panel and full time observers, form the bulk of the material on which the head office works. The most important respect in which this differs from the Gallup Poll is that it is collected without the observee realizing it. He therefore is not influenced by the factors, which we saw might invalidate a questionnaire.

Observation itself is also highly skilled work. In normal conversation, we do not listen to what other people say. We accept only what we agree with, can readily add to what we already believe or give ourselves reason for rejecting. To the rest, we are deaf. In fact, if people really heard and understood what other people were saying, life would be intolerably harsh.

An observer must rid himself of this social habit of translating what he hears into what he would like to hear. He must be able to record and reproduce conversations with the unobtrusive sensitivity of a gramophone record. Above all, he must beware of the generalizations and ' impressions ' which

are the stock-in-trade of the journalist. This is why Mr. Harrisson insists on the actual words and circumstances of his observers' conversations.

The findings of Mass-Observation cannot be neat; for the human soul is a tangle of too many stuffs to be presented by statistics. But from the reports, which derive from places all over the country, it is possible to derive a truer picture of what is happening, than any single research worker or hard-working journalist can present. Newspapers and politicians have lost their contact with the people. In war, they flounder even more desperately than in peacetime, generalizing from their casual contacts (the Common People = the taxi-driver, the barman, the gardener and the waiter in the Club), like an opportunist professing to be able to walk cross ice floes and map them at the same time.

Yet in war, even more than in peace, the steady flow of opinion from the people to their rulers is important. Propagandists become so intent on forming opinion that they forget that in order to succeed they must know the existent shape of the opinion that they are to change. Their propaganda flies wide, like a scared man's bullets blazed into the dark. Only democracy, the literal formation of government by the people, can give our rulers understanding of popular opinion. Without it, they are like the policeman telling the dumb man who was trying to explain that he couldn't speak, that he could get a meal round the corner. They apologize for what needs no apology, explain the obvious, but ignore the enigmatic and obscure.

A combination of statistical 'dips' and observed reports is capable of re-establishing contact between the rulers and ruled, lost in large measure since feudal times, when the Lord of the Manor had personal knowledge of his underlings. In it, lies the hope of realizing one of our peace-aims, democracy, even while we are fighting.

(Mr. Arthur Calder Marshall, who has travelled and written much, is at present Cadet Marshal A.C. of the 168th O.C.T.U.)

THE MASTERPIECE OF MR. BANKS

By S. L. Bensusan

MR. BANKS is one of those fortunate men who have no shadow of doubt about their own genius and a vast contempt for those who do not share their assurance in this regard. He had known for a long time that he needed no more than leisure to write the novel that would live when the work of the most of his contemporaries had very deservedly been pulped. He read the praises of those contemporaries with scorn, conscious that the overworked enthusiasm of criticism would hardly carry it to the heights of the achievement he contemplated. Critics had been all too prodigal of their praise of lesser men. Eulogy was suffering from exhaustion.

After an undistinguished career at a distinguished University Mr. Flemminge Banks who is French on his Mother's side and bi-lingual, succeeded after much striving in establishing a small connection as a reviewer; that connection grew, for he mastered the technique early. He never wrote directly about any book entrusted to him, but was content to treat it as a peg on which to hang comment upon modern literary tendencies in other lands. Invariably if the work were of sufficient importance, he would wind up by pointing out that the book under review would have been better had the author assimilated the principles laid down by certain foreign writers whose work was safe to be caviare to the general. Many of those who were not so well read as they wished to be relied upon Mr. Banks for what they mistook for their culture and his name at head or foot of a column had a certain value. It provided discussion and advanced a definite claim to deep reading as every sound review should.

The sub-lease of pleasant rooms in the Temple having expired he had decided on a change of scene. With sufficient assurance from literary editors that they would be as faithful to him in the country as they had been in town, he had shaken the dust of London from off his feet and established himself in the cottage of Widow Gamble who lives on the outskirts of

Great Mudford and undertook to 'do for him,' in return for twenty-seven shillings and sixpence a week payable in advance. Mr. Banks has limited resources for although reviewing is fairly well paid he is a very slow writer and work for work's sake is not a proposition that carries any appeal.

"I ain't never acquainted along o' you before" said Mrs. Gamble that forthright woman bluntly when explaining why cash must precede service, "an' I don't think nawthen to where you come from. Th' things I read in me paper about Lunnon, come Sunday are wholly shaimeful. I ain't afeard you'd do me a mischief, you don't look like one o' th' men what goo about doin' so, but you might goo afore you pide me, if I give ye the chance. Emma Gamble ain't bin took in yet, an' she don't want she should, her time o' life t'ain't likely, beggin' y'r pardon." Mr. Banks accepted the situation, realized that he was in strong, capable hands and was wisely content.

Like most of the marshland folk, Widow Gamble takes in *The Sins of the World* and a grand-daughter comes from the far end of Little Mudford every Sunday afternoon to read it to her, for Widow Gamble admits unblushingly that she "never had no book-larnin' time she was a gel." Mr. Banks paid up with unfailing regularity and on her part the widow gave him excellent value for money, two new laid eggs and a 'resher' for his breakfast with home-made jam *ad lib*; meat, vegetables and a pudding for dinner; jam, cheese, sausages or fish or some ham for tea-supper. To his surprise, for he does not understand the rural mentality, the more he ate the better pleased was his hostess.

"In this here world" she explained "you don't wanter flinch from y'r appetite. Vittles are cheaper than doctors an' better f'r y'r stummick than the stuff they'll give ye if so be ye let 'em. Git over me how they kin charge good money for it." She worked hard, cleaning thoroughly, 'cooking tasty,' as she described it and perfectly satisfied with her lodger and his payment. Her only criticism was that "he muddled th' settin' room with forever o' books" and that hardly a week passed without bringing some addition to the burden of printed matter the settin' room had to bear.

When he realized that his lines had fallen in pleasant places Mr. Banks decided to write that novel. He was not clear in his mind if it should be sweet and idyllic or grimly realistic. The thing that mattered was the local colour he had full leisure and opportunity to collect. By reviewing no more than two books a week he could live in ease and by reading French

literary criticism one evening a week he could always give his work a *cachet*. Three hours a day brought comfort in those cheerful surroundings and during the rest of the hours he dedicated to work he could fashion a novel that would take the reading public by storm. He decided to admit some of the native folk to his confidence, to invite them to practise self expression, to come to life and cease to be mere hoppers of clods. After all there was nothing in their lives, but he could give them the impression that they held a significance they had never suspected, he would let them know something of the part they had to play. It had been left to him to explain to these dead souls that they had life and that he could tell the great world all about it. He wrote to a firm of publishers from whom he draws a small retainer for services he does not mention, and received a promising letter. The house would welcome his novel and thanked him for the first refusal.

Full of confidence he set out in search of local colour, but he went about his work in the wrong way. He invaded the tap-room of the *Wheatsheaf* on the first Saturday night following the assurance that his novel would receive most favoured nation treatment and entered just as though he had a residential right to a place there. He called for a *bottle* of beer, to the amazement of right forward men, and told all and sundry without introduction or periphrasis that he was going to write a novel about their part of the country and that he hoped they would help him by giving him all the local colour of which he stood in need. Had he been a Colonel talking to his regiment such a method of approach might have served; it does not pass in Maychester. To make the effect worse Mr. Banks stands five feet three and like so many small men desires to be thought large.

"Same as local colour" said Mr. Titt to Mr. Duffle *sotto voce*, "I ain't never heerd o' sech a thing."

"I ain't never seed it hereabouts, mate" agreed his friend.

"No more ain't I" replied Mr. Titt "an' no more ain't nobody else I doubt. I count th' little spuffler ain't right in his head. Did, he ouldn't talk so."

Apart from these communications which may be regarded as confidential, Mr. Banks' statement met with the stoniest silence. Every man confided to his neighbour in strictest confidence. Right forward men did not appear to hear the further remarks of the stranger, the social temperature fell below zero. Baffled if not beaten Mr. Banks retired after a decent interval, leaving half a bottle of beer behind him. Mr. Nitt, the oldest

representative of the community, annexed this right away, and Mr. Banks on returning to his room started his first chapter by telling of the silence and taciturnity of the village alehouse frequenters. He ascribed this to years of oppression, and to the dark and dismal conditions of men's life, mental and physical, in that depressing environment. He also described the characteristics of some of the patrons of the house, his comments did not err on the side of flattery nor were they really remarkable for insight. They were men waiting to prey upon their fellows; he could not find in any countenance the remotest sign of association however distant with any of the cardinal virtues. They looked to be the descendants of pirates, smugglers, poachers and other men of ill will; the spread of law and order while baulking their actions had left their instincts where they had ever been.

On the following day Mr. Banks went to the Hard to buy tobacco, and as many better and taller men have done, hit his head on the low doorway that gives entry to the premises of Mr. Mint; if you are over five feet, stooping is compulsory. It was not a blow bad enough to make him purchase the packet of strapping that Mrs. Mint was prompt to offer and his comments upon the structure of the shop front though forcible lacked novelty. Mr. Mint, intervening with due dignity, reminded him that his action in entering upon the premises was neither solicited nor required, that the residents supported his enterprise, and that furriners even though welcome were in no wise essential. Mr. Banks returning home with a slight headache, dipped his pen in gall as he wrote of the ill-found shops in which a grasping and uncivil company seek to break the heads of strangers for the sake of selling three pennyworth of plaster. He compared them with the old Cornish wreckers who lay in wait for harmless seafarers, he revealed those sadistic emotions that enabled them to look on smiling when a man anxious to enter into friendly relations suffered grievous bodily injury through no fault of his own.

Then Mr. Banks turned his attention to the gentler sex and endeavoured to enter into conversation with pretty Polly Magget whose admirers are plentiful as night clubs in Mayfair. His intentions could not have been more honourable, he is singularly free from emotions, but Tommy Pant who was enjoying the favour of Pretty Polly's spare time just then, took offence. He intervened in a perfectly harmless conversation, described Mr. Banks as a silly little spuffler, told him to get back where he belonged and warned him that if he 'come

interferin' with that young lady agen he would lay him out. The precise method was not set forth but Mr. Banks had no wish to hear. He endeavoured with all the dignity at his command to explain the true position, only to see Mr. Pant take off his coat and turn up his shirt sleeves. Thereafter Mr. Banks retired with a parting shot, "I am a peaceful citizen, young man, and have said nothing to offend this young lady. If you venture to assault me in any way I will at once inform the police and have you locked up."

This was more effective than he knew for Tommy Pant has been in trouble for assault and has received assurance that the next summons will not be met by a fine. Mr. Banks returning to his room, started a chapter in which he dealt with the young women of the marshland who are shadowed by apaches following the worst traditions of Montmartre, the exterior boulevards and the slums round *les Halles*. It needed no more than a civil word to one of these seemingly innocent children of nature and the bully appeared at once, truculent and abusive, only to be cowed by the power of the human eye and the strength of the human will. Mr. Banks' hero had these gifts and escaped by their aid.

Then, his spleen satisfied, he introduced to his manuscript a fair, fierce and slightly amoral heroine, a creature of his own brain brought up in the sordid surroundings of Maychester Hard and rightly struggling to be free. Nobody understood, everybody maligned her save a stranger, a young and struggling artist whose life she was destined to share. It was this artist's privilege to redeem her from unspeakable surroundings. Wishing to provide her with a setting sufficiently macabre he called at the shed of Mr. Benjamin Cant whose signboard, 'Carpenter and Undertaker,' appealed.

Mr. Cant was in a mixed mood. Prolonged potations following a couple of recent funerals for which he had supplied coffins inclined him to tears, a judgment founded on much experience inclined him to courtesy, a natural suspicion put him on his guard. In that condition his emotions changed like the pattern of a kaleidoscope. Just then, too, he was slightly at variance with the world and this made it more difficult for him to decide precisely where he stood. His account had been disputed by the niece and executrix of Mr. Matthew Mole deceased, the sum of twelve shillings had been deducted from the bill without his consent, and his threat to have the law on the defaulter had produced an estimate of his character couched in a spirit of harsh and searching criticism. He was even

reminded that he is more often intoxicated than sober, a cruel libel on a man who frequently lacks the money to buy the beer he needs and is not in credit at any of the neighbouring public houses. At that moment he was contemplating neighbours with a regard that anger had tinged, he was looking with dilated eye upon the follies and wickedness of mankind. When Mr. Banks explained his mission Mr. Cant made immediate and gratifying response. "If anybody'll loan me ten shillin's" he said addressing himself to an elm board just planed and looking at its best, "I'd tell 'em about most everybody, an' I bin lived here more'n fifty year an' me father afore me."

Thereupon, Mr. Banks feeling that the glad hour had struck produced note and memorandum book and his mentor proceeded to give Maychester away. He started with Mrs. Nunn, niece of the late Mr. Mole and dissected the character of all who 'acquaint along of her.'

This was not the work of a single sitting, nor did one note suffice his needs, but Mr. Cant gave value for money and in the end Mr. Flemminge Banks knew more about the marshland's miserable character or lack of character, its failings large and small, its mean and insincere outlook, its association with and acceptance of people and things 'wholly shaimeful' than any other man in the district could have taught him. Sometimes if he had anything more than a pint before continuing his revelations the thought of the iniquity surrounding him would drive Mr. Cant to tears.

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There is no need to refer to the success of *A Slum on the Marshes*, a book of the day, the month and the season, the selection of the Book Blowers' Society, the Guild of Publishers' Readers and other disinterested bodies. All agreed to describe it as the greatest revelation of modern times, a work that would probably be read when *Paradise Lost* and *Essays of Elia* had been forgotten. Zola at his best had not plumbed low life so deeply and unflinchingly; critics explained how they had sat up all night, and made the book their excuse.

"A profound study in scarlet" cried Miss Aurelia Stunt, one of our leading reviewers. "The tone is deep purple" wrote Mr. Boodle who is equally renowned. "It passes from life to death and death to life in finest frenzy rolling" declared Mr. Stubble in *Letters at Leisure*. "It is *prévoyant*, cataclysmic and there is nothing jejune about its most amorphous moments" said Mr. Sludge, proposing the toast of

the evening at the dinner given by the publishers to celebrate the issue of a third edition.

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Mr. Banks not being sure about the literary associations of Maychester and surrounding villages has no confidence in Maychester's reactions to the printed word and has refused his publisher's request to return to the same part of the country and write a sequel. He is well convinced that the villagers, their disguises torn from them by the point of his fearless pen, are capable of any violence or revenge and he has a proper regard for a life that is dedicated to the public service. Like Erasmus he has no taste for martyrdom and he knows that the depth to which the marshlander will not sink cheerfully has yet to be plumbed. He thinks that another county would probably serve equally well and it is more than probable that he is right since his method is safe to produce fairly similar evidence from Land's End to John o' Groats.

At the height of his fame, which lasted nearly four months and when Mr. Banks was back in literary London, Mr. Duffle sitting in the *Wheatsheaf* taproom remarked " I wonder if that young spuffler what come down here bin an' wrote his piece in a book same as he said he should."

To whom Mr. Nitt made reply, " I lay he never. Whatever doos a man wanter write a book fower when he kin buy one for sixpence? Time Jarge Blades bin to Chenchester a fortnit ago he towd me he see forever o' books in the station an' you could buy any one on 'em f'r sixpence. He saw two folk buy one an' put 'em in their pockets. You don't wanter write a book if that's all its worth."

" I reckon that take a long time to write one " said Mr. Mould the Pensioner. " I ouldn't write a book f'r sixpence f'r nobody not if that was ever so."

" That furriner may have bin a fool " agreed Mr. Trout the Thatcher, " but he ouldn't ha' bin all that bewly to my thinkin'."

Mr. Woodpecker who is a nephew of Mr. Nitt and respects him added, " that's a true word o' yourn, Uncle." And the rest of the company grunted or mumbled agreement.

ORIGINS AND PURPOSE OF AVIAN DISPLAY

By Richard Perry

ALL the evidence is against our presuming a wild bird to be capable of *rational* intelligence, and we must therefore accept him as an automaton of instinctive reactions, unable to anticipate the future, or profit from the past by consciously applying his experience. This does not, however, deprive him of the nervous emotions and physical senses denied the robot, any more than it does the equally irrational human baby. Five months consecutive study of cliff-breeding Auks made it abundantly clear to me that a guillemot or a razorbill, for instance, was receptive to the majority of human emotions and sensations, and expressed these forcibly. To all outward seeming their anger and pleasure was no less felt than ours: for our emotions are seldom rational, but nearly always instinctive and spontaneous. Thus birds retain their charm as the warmest blooded of all living creatures with strong emotions and individual temperaments.

When I first began to study the biology of birds I did so as a whole-hearted admirer of Edmund Selous and therefore, somewhat naturally, of his tenets of sexual selection: that a great part of avian existence turns upon the selection of the male by the female, because of some striking physical allurement of the former, whether of the fine black mane of a ruff or the scarlet wattle of a blackcock. But I found that the ever increasing data of my field studies and the profound reflection necessary for interpretation of these brought me to the conclusion that the theory of sexual selection in its entirety was untenable in the case of birds, and that even a modified acceptance would have to be approached from a different angle to that of Selous. He proved quite logically the presence of sexual selection among birds, with a wealth of first-hand field data to support his arguments, and thereby illustrated a major difficulty in the study of bird behaviour: that, owing to the intimate inter-relation of birds' impulses and actions, one or a succession of avian antics can be logically and satisfactorily

worked out to fit two entirely opposite arguments. Further, however impartial the observer may intend to be, it is obvious that his watching must be coloured by certain preconceived opinions of his subject. My final conclusion is that the pairing* of two birds is not inspired by their antics of display (sometimes known as *courtship*).

Before my intensive study of nesting sea-birds I spent several months watching wading birds and ducks, and especially the display antics of the latter. This further study confirmed me in my opinion that the pairing of male and female is brought about by some other means than display, thereby rendering the terms *courtship* and *display* (in the attracting-a-mate sense) meaningless. What, then, are the origins and what the significance of the inter-relationship that demonstrably exists between the display-antic and the conspicuous colouring or curious feather-formation of that part of the plumage displayed by the antic? What inspires two birds to pair? And why do birds display?

I have often used the term *display* myself, but never to imply the getting of a mate by courtship. I have used it of the puffin rapping bills with his mate; of the razorbill throwing up his head with vibrating mandibles before his mate; of the cormorant bending back his head between his wings; of the female shag darting out her hissing bill at a male shag or at me —a very suggestive threat antic—and of various 'gulping' antics of gulls and kittiwakes. But all these 'display' antics were patently nervous impulses provoked by incidents of the reproductive cycle. There was not a suspicion of courtship or mate-selecting, and if we consider Dr. F. H. A. Marshall's axiom that *it is the pair which have the highest capacity for mutual stimulation which are, so to speak, selected by Nature for the perpetuation of the race*, then we are seen to be treading on very different ground to that of sexual selection, but perfectly applicable to the activities of our auks and gulls and cormorants. For the cliff-life of guillemots especially, but also of razorbills, puffins, kittiwakes, and cormorants, is a constant and mutual stimulation of the nervous and organic responses of mated pairs. An incessant billing, nebbing, titillating, 'scrarling,' 'kissing' and 'gulping!' Life on the nesting ledges is one long excitement and incitement. But what of the sexually hopeful puffin cocking up his bill before his mate? Is not this courtship before the pairing? I think not, for the

*Throughout this article *pairing* is applicable only to the coming together of two birds for breeding season or life, *mating* to actual coition.

puffins come back in pairs and mate a month or so after their return to their breeding grounds just before incubation begins. Of the cormorant's antics it was clear that whatever their original significance, they are now solely nervous or organic reactions to numerous, often irrelative, internal or external excitements during the reproductive cycle: while the male shag hardly displays at all, and the female only when the sexual mood is hot upon her, when she may possibly solicit more than one male.

Is there then no display within the interpretation of sexual selection? And what is the purpose of bright masculine or specific colouring? There is one factor common to all avian ornaments. Each is associated with physical movement of that part of the plumage ornamented—the puffin's facial adornments, the bridled guillemot's and the razorbill's white head-grooves, the white thigh plumes of cormorants and chrome mouth cavities of shags: one and all shared by male and female, be it noted. The puffin cocks his rainbow-bill and raps his mate's with it. (But were no outer sheath grown especially for the breeding season it is possible that the efficiency of his fishing operations for his chick would be impaired. On the other hand we can consider the casting of this sheath in the autumn a survival of his reptilian ancestor's shedding of the outer layer of the epidermis covering its scales. It is to be noted, however, that that naked rosette of skin at the base of the puffin's bill holds the bottom fish of the six or eight he brings up to his chick, so that the sheath probably has no colour significance at all).

The guillemot pecks incessantly at the plain or white inlay of its mate's eye and check grooves. The razorbill fiercely nebs the white- grooved bill of his mate. The cormorant raises and lowers his wings *against* his white thigh plumes. The shag darts out her brilliant chrome mouth cavity and contorts her *tufted* head. Examine the prominent colour areas or feather formations of any bird: are they not all associated with appropriate antic or movement? Is no biological significance to be attached to this coincidence of display antic and colour patterning, of white eider drakes and long-tailed drakes continually rising in the sea to flap wings, with a *tautening* of their intensely *black* bellies? Some physiological relationship must exist between plumage pattern and physical antic.

Observing what a dominant part the inter-gripping of bills plays in the combat and affection of razorbills and puffins, and to a lesser degree of gulls, and the groove-nibbling in the

affections of common and bridled guillemots, one cannot but hazard the view that the curious structural formation, colouring, and exaggerated feathering of their heads and bills may be an evolutionary and accidental concomitant of such vigorous usage rupturing the colour ducts of these areas or causing fluctuations in blood pressure. Consider the blue crest of the tom-tit that is raised and lowered from its grey bed, not only during sexual excitement, but with every fleeting emotion of anger, jealousy, or excitement, at any season. Will it be said that this ornament has been acquired in order to attract a mate! The only other parts of its plumage prominently coloured are its wings and tail, which are also shivered and spread at every excitement.

It is true that the red daub on the bill of a big gull is a perennial adornment, that the white inlays of razorbill and bridled guillemot are seasonal, and that the puffin's coulterneb is actually cast off after the breeding season. And my access to scientific theory and practice is too limited to inform me whether one such principle could in fact apply to these several conditions and operate on all in such a way. But that these physical adornments have been acquired in some such way as this is surely confirmed by the remarkable fact that, while both the males and the females of these sea-birds share in display and physical adornment, the unilateral masculine display of such birds as ruff or blackcock or drake teal coincides with a *masculine* adornment only of those precise areas displayed by the specific antic. In the drakes of teal and other ducks these areas of bright masculine colouring replace similar but more soberly coloured areas in their ducks, and to this sober colouring the drake is likely to revert in his dull 'eclipse' plumage, when his sexual impulses have waned and he leaves the duck to care for the young. The plumage of most female birds, especially ducks, hints at the masculine colour-pattern, and male characteristics are probably latent in all females, for experiment has shown that the removal of the ovary releases both masculine colours and characteristics.

Now, an overtly dominant seasonal feature in the lives of a great many British birds is the constant association of *three* birds of a kind. In some species, such as ravens or ducks, this association endures throughout the autumn and winter and establishing of spring territories, up to the beginning of nest-building, when the odd bird, a young one, is finally driven away: in other species, such as larks, magpies, or oystercatchers, it is a feature of the territorial season only, from

February, say, up to the time of nest-building. This association, noted also of puffins, razorbills, and kittiwakes, holds, I believe, the secret of the pairing up of male and female, which in the present evolutionary era is not inspired by display-antics or prominent colouring. This belief I shall proceed to develop.

I have not space here to give chapter and verse to the extensive evidence from my own and other naturalists' observations that a big proportion of young birds tend to return at maturity to the vicinity of their birthplaces, and of adult birds to that of a previous year's nesting territory. This being so, the odds are that, with both male and female returning to previous summer and winter territories, the pair of last year will be that of this year and of next year. Particularly will this be so of the longer-lived big birds, though a degree of repairing certainly takes place among small birds too. Of ducks it is often stated that the ducks arrive with the young birds in winter territories before the drakes: but this would seem to apply only to local-nesting duck, whose breeding and winter quarters are in the same district. Continental ducks and drakes may be seen migrating together and in pairs, and they certainly associate in pairs within the flock in their winter territories. Even if the ducks did precede the drakes, the latter would tend to join them in their customary winter territories, for my experience suggests that the perennial return of individuals to winter territories is as constant as the return to breeding territories. And in the rather special case of migrant warblers Eliot Howard showed thirty years ago that all display took place *after* the males and the later-coming females were associating together within the territory, and that the pairing of two warblers was predominantly first come, first served. Yet a generation later there are still biologists basing their arguments on the whole theory of sexual selection, which implies that the male bird attracts a mate by various forms of display: though this is manifestly untrue to any naturalist who has undertaken prolonged observation of numerous species in the field.

In March I have seen two full drake garganey, an immature drake and a duck halt for a week at a passage resting-marsh, and have observed one of the full drakes and the duck actually to mate after a brief head-bobbing. I have no doubt myself that mature ducks and drakes tend to join up after the *eclipse* moult and the full moult, and migrate together within the flock: a belief strengthened by the custom of duck, geese, plover, and waders of collecting on a central marsh before

migration in spring and autumn. The ducks and immature of certain salt-water duck—goosander, merganser, goldeneye, longtail—certainly appear to precede the full drakes: but this would seem to be due to the retarded moult of the drakes of these species, and to their reluctance to move very far south from their nesting latitudes. But in these species also no invitation to the pairing will be observed. One day the drakes mix freely with the flock, the next they are in pairs within the flock or apart from it. Mild display will only be observed *after* this pairing has been established, though entirely masculine packs of longtails will disport without there being any ducks anywhere in their vicinity, and sexual excitement among the huge mixed packs of scoter is to be observed in the *autumn*. In many species, such as ravens, stonechats, and gulls, male and female may be observed to keep company for three hundred and sixty-five days in every year.

All these instances point to the conclusion that display for the purpose of getting a mate is superfluous, and that it is, rather, a seasonal excitement. Young drakes and ducks are associating in pairs and threes before the mature birds arrive in their winter territories, and I do not see any reason to doubt that accidental gaps in the pairs of the latter are filled by that third unmated duck or drake commonly to be observed in close association with the pair. That the association does comprise a pair and a third bird is indicated, especially, by the actions of the duck. How common a sight it is to see a duck sticking closely to one drake and continually, both in the air and on the water, digging viciously with hissing bill at a second drake, who continues to keep close company with her and her mate, no whit discouraged. You may see a wigeon duck with four drakes in attendance continually assaulting three of them, or a shoveler duck with a drake and three ducks doing the same thing, or similarly a mallard duck with as many as six drakes: but the trio is the commonest association.

If we have by now established that sexual selection is a manifest distortion of actual facts, because all display, other than social disport, and the natural sexual excitement taking place in the big mixed winter flocks, occurs *after* the pairing of male and female, we are confronted with two main problems: the origins and purpose of display-antics and prominent colouring, and the precise form of attraction bringing about the pairing of male and female.

Of a more extraordinary form perhaps, the display of ruffs, say, seems to me basically identical in provocation and pattern

to that of teal during the winter or oystercatcher and shelduck during the spring—a seasonal and automatous inherent urge to perform certain antics, intensified by the irritant effect of the presence of one male upon another male's nervous organism, at that season when the growth of the sexual glands is stimulating sexual impulses, and further intensified by the arrival of the reeves at the social gathering. But to postulate that ruffs perform their crazy antics for the express purpose of attracting the reeves to pair with them by exhibiting their beautiful vari-coloured manes, is such a travesty of their actual behaviour in the field that it is not worthy of detailed consideration. It may well be asked here whether ruffs are even polygynous. They may certainly be promiscuous, but then so are all species of birds to lesser or greater degree, as all men are if stripped of conventional morality or tabu. The fact remains that at mid-June *pairs* of ruffs and reeves pass through Holy Island in *full* breeding plumage.

On the other hand no one watching the display of any species of bird can question that physical antic (not necessarily primarily sexual) and conspicuous plumaging have evolved one out of the other: as the ruff's mane and his bowed head, the teal's golden wedges and his tilted tail, the shag's chrome mouth cavity and her flashing mandible, the tom tit's blue crown and his erected crest, and a thousand other instances. Bearing in mind the feminine *eclipse* plumage assumed by drakes after the breeding season, one must believe that duck and drake were similarly plumaged in the beginning: likewise all other male and female birds. The bright colours of the male birds may well have originated from ruptures of the pigmentary system, resulting from the specific physical antics of attempted coition: for the display of every bird shows greater or lesser affinity to the coitional antics preceding or during the mating of, say, barndoor cockerel or blackbird. Thus I believe that *display, courtship*—call it what you will—*is, in fact, the evolutionary and automatous formalization and complicating* (by the association of antics of combat, feeding, etcetera, etcetera) *of primitive coitional antics*—for we see that every feature of avian existence has been subjected to a continual fusion and formalizing of the different employments of daily life, so that many of their actions have outlived whatever directly useful purposes they may have subserved in the past. In addition to the familiar coitional/display antics of male birds, one notes, as a single example of innumerable examples, that the 'head-backing' of male cormorants, shags,

and razorbills is also the antic of the female during coition. Chemical action of the hormones, under the organic excitement of attempted coition, or later of ritualistic display, would probably assist in this setting up of colour zones or abnormal feather formations, relating to those parts of the body disturbed by the specific physical antic: as suggested earlier in this article. There is a likely theory that pigment formation begins and spreads from centres: e.g. the median crown and the five paired patches of eye, neck, shoulder, side, and rump. Every naturalist must often have been struck by the universal evenness of this method of colouration, and the divers ways in which these areas are subjected to intense physical disturbance in display, disport, coition, formalized combat, and even feeding and other everyday actions of a bird's existence. These areas are physiologically independent and may have different colours. Reduction of them would produce the characteristic white marks between the colour junctions, colour and white continually contracting and expanding.

Another theory holds that display and abnormal plumaging are primarily mutual stimulants to male and female of value in maintaining the marital bonds, equivalent to the vocal and physical inter-excitement of paired auks; and such a theory is supported by the constant display and disport of certain species of duck in their winter territories. A secondary value lies perhaps in the stimulus of masculine display to the female's nidificatory and incubatory impulses; and this, again, may well be true of auks, in whom the physical attentions of the male to the female throughout the reproductive season are so notable.

Undoubtedly all estimates of the value of display must be modified by the consideration that, in common with so many other avian phenomena, it has become in great degree an automatous seasonal impulse releasing energy and associated with certain organic changes in the bird's body: a reflexive and pleasurable part of a bird's everyday life at certain seasons: a pleasure likely to be provoked, in suitable weather conditions, whenever a gathering of full-fed males come together in the presence of the females of their kind, with resultant nervous irritation. It appears to me incorrect and farcical to think of a male bird's display and conspicuous plumaging as the product of sexual selection. This masculine plumaging may have originated by pigmentary rupture from attempted coition as suggested, and have been intensified by the surplus waste products of metabolism, but to regard it as

having originated for the express purpose of attracting the female is certainly to put a false value on it. Why the appropriate antics should produce associative colour-patches or feather-growths is for the biological chemist to decide, and it is certainly galling for the conventional human mind to regard this conspicuous plumaging as only of secondary value. The most that can be claimed for it is that it may accentuate the stimulatory effect of the physical antic, as in the instance of the silver undersides of the rearing crested grebe: or heighten the imposing effect of a threat antic, as in the 'gaping' enormous bill and swollen cheeks of the puffin. But we do not expect a rabbit or a badger or even a guillemot to display before pairing. That birds have bright colours—in a majority of cases male and female are almost similarly plumaged—is no good reason for implying that these have sexually selective or threat values. It is doubtful whether the female or the rival male can have a physical awareness of such colours, or even react to them organically. The bird has no awareness of blues and violets, which are prominent masculine adornment colours. It is the *physical antics* that excite and threaten, not the colours displayed by these antics. The pairing of guillemot, of warbler, or of duck and drake within the flock, is no doubt governed by the same sexual magnetism that brings together male and female of rabbit or badger or primitive man.

(*Mr. Richard Perry, whose reputation as an observer of bird life has long been established, recently published his second book, "Lundy: Isle of Puffins."*)

THE LIBYAN CAMPAIGN

By Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn

THE complete destruction of the remains of Graziani's Cyrenaica Army south of Benghazi is a fitting climax to General Wavell's Libyan campaign. It may of course be the climax only to the first stage of the campaign, but it is premature and perhaps inadvisable to discuss the further development of General Wavell's strategy. One thing certain is that the remnants of the army will be pursued vigorously by land, sea and air, and if they escape capture their military value will be negligible.

While we await further developments it may be worth while to recall and analyse the main features of the campaign and the scope of its achievements.

When France collapsed and Italy entered the war the situation of our Middle East Army was undoubtedly precarious. Its strength had been calculated on the assurance of the co-operation of the strong French Army in Syria, and on the fact that the French in Tunis would compel the Italians in Libya to keep strong forces to protect Tripoli. Britain was therefore by the French default left not only with inadequate numerical strength, but Italy was in a position to concentrate the greater part of her Libyan Army for the invasion of Egypt. To make matters worse the standard of armaments and equipment of our Middle East forces, land and air, was lower than that of those that had fought in France. In many ways it was hardly equal to that of the numerically greatly superior Italian forces. The Italian Navy in point of numbers was also superior to our Fleet in the Mediterranean, and it could count on the co-operation of aircraft operating from favourably placed shore bases.

Under these conditions it was fortunate that a breathing space was afforded by the fact that the intense heat of the Libyan summer prohibited any attempt to invade Egypt until the autumn, and that the waterless, roadless stretch of the western desert of Egypt necessitated a deliberate advance in the initial stages of any attempt at invasion.

On the other hand the excellent Italian motor road up to the frontier greatly facilitated the concentration of an invading force as did also the ports on the Cyrenaica coast, especially Tobruk and Bardia. Under the threat of invasion and in great numerical inferiority General Wavell had no option but to adopt a defensive policy. His defensive tactics were, however, far from passive. While he deployed his main force on the defensive position at Mersa Mattruh, protected from sudden attack by the desert, he left only a few small posts on the frontier and used his armoured mobile troops in a constant series of minor raids into enemy territory. In these operations much valuable knowledge of the ground and of the enemy's methods was acquired as well as experience in adapting peace training to war conditions. Intensive training and hardening the troops to desert war was a fundamental principle of General Wavell's policy, and he had in General Wilson and his other subordinate commanders officers with a high reputation as trainers of troops.

Such was the initial situation on the Egyptian frontier complicated by the threat of invasion of the Sudan where the available defensive force was desperately weak. Fortunately both there and in Egypt the R.A.F., although lacking aircraft of the most modern types and numerically inferior were able to establish an ascendency over their Italian opponents and much useful experience was gained in air co-operation with land operations.

Events in Britain, however, led to a fundamental change in the situation. The victories gained in August and September by the R.A.F. defeated the German plans for immediate invasion while the Army was still disorganized and desperately short of equipment after the evacuation of Dunkirk. Those victories which led to the postponement, if not the abandonment, of the invasion project enabled the Government to make the immensely courageous and momentous decision to reinforce the Army of the Nile in spite of the danger of invasion which still threatened.

We have not yet been told on what date or on whose advice the decision was made. The responsibility and credit for it must of course be given to the Prime Minister and his colleagues in the Cabinet, but we may safely assume they acted on the advice of the Chiefs of Staff Committee. If so it must have been a particularly hard decision for the C.I.G.S.—General Dill—to support. For though the Navy, in spite of the defection of the French, was still supreme on sea and the

R.A.F. was flushed with victory the Army was in no state to take its part in resisting invasion. Every weapon, every vehicle, and every round of ammunition which could be produced was urgently needed for the Home Defence troops. Yet it was on the Army of the Nile that the security of Alexandria and the Suez Canal depended. Whoever should be credited with the decision there can be no minimising its courage or its immense importance. It laid the foundation for General Wavell's brilliant campaigns both in Libya and in East Africa and is likely to have even more far-reaching effects.

At first reinforcements and new equipment were despatched by the long Cape route; but, as Admiral Cunningham established his ascendency over the inert Italian Navy, the flow of reinforcements was increased and accelerated by using the Mediterranean route. The contribution the Navy made to the Libyan victories in this respect cannot be over estimated, nor should one forget the vital importance of the contribution Australia, New Zealand and India made, both in the critical period and in ultimate victory.

It is difficult to understand why Italy hesitated to strike when, after the summer, Graziani's advance into Egypt was begun. It may be that the superior qualities displayed by the R.A.F. and our mobile troops, as well as the difficulties of supplying an adequate invading army under desert conditions, brought Graziani to a standstill. Whatever the reasons for his hesitation were it is even more difficult to understand why Germany did not supply the necessary stimulant. She must have had aircraft and armoured forces available which she could not have employed in the battle of Britain. Was there over confidence in the invasion project and an unwillingness to find Italy installed in Egypt when the distribution of the spoils came to be made after the expected destruction of Britain? We may learn sometime why German intervention in the Mediterranean was delayed till too late to save Italy from disaster, but for the present it is something of an enigma.

One thing that emerges from the decisions made at this period is that we have every reason to have confidence in the higher direction of our Imperial strategy and to suspect the competence of that of the enemy, in spite of his great executive ability. How General Wavell, his subordinate commanders, staff and troops have exploited the possibilities of the situation, which developed when the reinforcements provided by the Higher Command arrived, is familiar to all. Seldom if ever has a commander made better or more daring use of the

resources at his disposal, and the co-operation of his colleagues in the other Services could not have been bettered. Tributes have deservedly been paid to the wonderful high standard of training, endurance and gallantry of the troops, to the perfection of the staff work and administrative organization and to the immense efficiency of the Services and personnel which has kept delicate and complicated machinery in working order under the most adverse conditions.

Perhaps the greatest reason for the brilliant successes achieved has been the offensive spirit which pervaded all ranks and the initiative and thrust displayed by subordinate commanders and troops. General Wavell has certainly been fortunate in having subordinate commanders of the quality and with the drive possessed by General Wilson, General O'Connor, General Creagh (commanding the armoured forces) and General Mackay, commanding the Australian Division. Their names are now familiar but there have evidently been many others of the highest quality whom we have not yet heard of. General Wavell's own adaptability, which enabled him to deal promptly and effectively with new and unforeseen situations that arose was a distinguishing feature of his operations. His was no set piece campaign. His repeated employment of his mobile forces for wide turning movements was of course no new idea. Attacks on the enemy's line of retreat and supply, synchronized with frontal attacks, is a strategical method as old as warfare; but it required adaption to new factors of speed, maintenance and armaments. The arm chair strategists might have suggested such strategy, but could they have worked out the timing and supply problems with such nicety? When a mechanized force is sent on a long mission in the desert depending on such water, ammunition and petrol as accompany it there is not much margin for errors in timing. If its blow is struck prematurely or at a distance too great to secure the support of the main body the mission may fail with serious consequences. The raid of the mechanized Division on Buq-Buq which cut the Italian line of retreat from Sidi Barani was a particularly daring stroke, for it could not have maintained its position if the main attack had been held up.

Similar tactics, with perhaps fewer risks, were employed at Bardia and Tobruk, but the daring use of the mobile force to interrupt the retreat of the Italians from Benghazi was a coup, even more remarkable than that of Buq-Buq. The road south of the Jebel Ahadar, across the chord of the Cyrenaica bulge,

probably suggested to many the possibility of its being used by mechanized troops for an attack in co-operation with the main advance along the coastal road. The difficulty of synchronizing the movements of mechanized troops with the uncertain rate of advance along the coastal road of the main body, delayed as it might be by rearguard resistance, was, however, obvious. A near approach of a mechanized force to Benghazi in order to ensure synchronization could hardly have been unobserved and the element of surprise would have been lost. General Wavell, or perhaps General Wilson, found a less obvious and more daring solution to the problem. By keeping the mechanized column at a distance, and, as I understand it, by using, not the direct road to Benghazi, but little used tracks for the final advance, the element of surprise was secured although it involved an amazingly long final march.

An Italian counter-offensive to recover Cyrenaica protected as it is on the west by miles of desert is now inconceivable. The greater part of the Army of the Nile has therefore acquired strategical liberty; and this is perhaps the most important result of the destruction of Graziani's army. Whether with the co-operation of the Navy and in view of Italian demoralization an advance into Tripolitania is feasible is impossible to to judge without further information. It was natural that our mobile forces should carry the pursuit to Agheila, where the fertile, watered districts of Cyrenaica end, but it is not necessarily an indication of anything more than pursuit which may be pressed even further; and which the existence of a landing ground at Agheila may make devastating.

With the German threat to the Balkans developing General Wavell has obviously other theatres besides Tripolitania to consider and the strategic liberty he has acquired is therefore of special importance. That liberty it may be noted could not have been achieved if Italy had adhered to her non-belligerent attitude. Reinforcement of the Army of the Nile would still have been necessary but it would have been tied to positions in Egypt. That is the measure of what the Axis has lost by Italy's entry into the war.

INVASION POSSIBILITIES

By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond

ALMOST all the schemes planned or prepared for the invasion of this country have had certain elements in common. In the first place, they have generally consisted of two distinct, though inter-related, operations: the transport of a very large number of troops, constituting the main body, in craft of the barge or flat-bottomed type across the Narrow Seas and the Channel from the ports lying approximately between the Texel and Havre, and the transport of lesser numbers in deep water shipping from ocean ports of the enemy between Corunna and Cherbourg with the intention of landing in either Scotland or Ireland. Sometimes the latter operation has had a diversionary intention, but there have been occasions when, in the realization that the main invasion was impracticable the aim has been to occupy Ireland or some colonial possession in order to inflict such injury upon British trade as will produce a surrender or at least a readiness for peace negotiations: the threat of a landing in the Channel being kept up in order to divert as much of Britain's naval and military strength as possible from other purposes. To-day, we have much the same situation as formerly, with certain extensions: the potential barge ports reach to the German Bight, though it might prove preferable in those ports to use small coasting vessels in place of barges because of their better seagoing qualities, and the ocean ports stretch to the north of Norway and the Baltic. Thus, the Norwegian invasion was despatched from the Baltic ports except that part which was treacherously introduced into the Norwegian ports in advance, while the country was still at peace.

The defence of the Narrow Seas against the mass of troop-filled barges or lesser craft, including fishing vessels—in Napoleon's time there were some 1800 craft of one kind or another—has always rested with a force of a comparatively few heavy and several light vessels, well armed and, generally speaking, so disposed as to give a reasonable prospect of engaging the enemy flotilla at some part of its voyage; some being

stationed as look-outs off the enemy ports, others behind them on the English coast in readiness to deal with any of the enemy who might evade the vigilance of the inshore advanced flotilla or to reinforce them. Some measure of safety rested in the fact that the great mass of invasionary craft took some time to get out of harbour: all could not get to sea on one tide. The assembly therefore took time and while it was in progress there was an opportunity for the British vessels to bombard them. That time element does not operate to-day under the modern condition of self-propelled vessels. It would be wise to calculate that all the troops in any of the "invasion ports" can be embarked and the vessels got to sea during the hours of darkness, and, assuming that the craft have a speed of about eight knots, the crossing of the Channel could be completed by dawn.

The essential factor in the British defence was that the British forces employed in the Narrow Seas and Channel, from the coast of Norfolk to the western limits of Sussex were more powerfully armed than the transport flotilla craft. It was the knowledge that the barges, though accompanied by gunboats and sloops, could not risk combat with the stronger though fewer vessels of the British that compelled the enemy to attempt to bring the larger ships of his main fleet or fleets up Channel to sweep away the resistance of the defending flotillas and cover the passage of the army and the landing. And it was because all the endeavours to get round the flank of the British main fleet, or to draw that fleet away, or to effect a junction of his own fleets which would give him a superiority over the main body of the British fleet, failed, that successive invasionary attempts were abandoned. The transports could not take the risk of sailing without the protection of the greater ships.

To-day the situation is different. In the mined and submarine-infested narrow waters the intervention of the great ships is practically out of the question. The security of the invasionary barges must depend upon darkness, the protection their own armaments can provide and the strength of the defence of their own flotilla craft and aircraft. The enemy possessed, at the beginning of the war, about a couple of dozen destroyers and presumably he has added considerably to that number during the last eighteen months; he has also built a great number of fast motor torpedo or gunboats, and it is not impossible that he has some other types of small well-armed craft of which the present writer has not heard; and it was

recently reported that, contrary to his agreement with Denmark—for when has he ever been bound by any word of his?—he has called on her to surrender to him her own destroyers. There may therefore be a considerable number of craft capable of use for the protection of the invading barges and coasters against the British flotillas.

A crossing made in the dark, timed to arrive on the destined beach at dawn, when dawn corresponds with the time of high water so that the ebbing tide will leave the barges high and dry, might be made without undue losses. It has been suggested that in order to hold off the British armed vessels a "lane" between two banks of mines may be created. Certainly we have to be prepared for such an attempt, though it appears to the present writer that the accomplishment of such an obstruction presents some considerable difficulties. Losses would be suffered, undoubtedly: but it is not only the enemy who is capable of laying minefields, and if he can lay one to cover his flanks so can we ourselves lay one in the line of his advance. However this may be, one of the most important factors in security must be, as it was always in the past, timely information of a movement, if possible of its very beginning within the ports. Darkness will be no shield against aerial scouts who can light up the ports and the line of passage with flares.

The situation of a mass of transports when attacked by a number of small fast gunboats and torpedo boats is, to say the least of it, unenviable, whether by night or by day. To hold off attacks coming from all directions is no easy matter, even if there be a large escorting force. By day aircraft would spell destruction, and it seems that we cannot escape from the old conclusion that the passage of a large body of troops across an uncommanded stretch of water is so risky an undertaking that the enemy must, as his predecessors have done, endeavour first to obtain command by destroying the fighting forces on the sea and in the air as a preliminary to the attempt. It is a fair interpretation of the air battles in August and September of last year that the enemy's object was to obtain command, by the destruction of the British Air Force. If this had been achieved the attack would have next been directed against the flotilla craft, in co-operation with the enemy surface craft, with a use of mines, and with a plentiful distribution of gas. Indeed, the Royal Air Force is playing a part in this connection analogous to that of the fleet off Brest in the old campaigns.

That the enterprise would be a great gamble provided our

flotilla craft are sufficiently powerful and numerous is beyond doubt; but we can only assume that the enemy is prepared to lose a large number of men, and a proportion of his vehicles, stores and ammunition in the attempt. One cannot say that some forces would not be landed. Whether he could now do what he failed to do last summer and disable our air forces in their aerodromes or in air battles, or disorganize the land defences by troops landed in parachutes and transport planes is a matter outside the naval elements of the problem.

The Narrow Seas form one part only of the invasion theatre. Troops, and the shipping needed to carry them can be assembled, as remarked earlier, in the Baltic, the Norwegian ports, the ports both Danish and German in the Bight of Heligoland, and the French ports in the western Channel and the Bay. Here are two separate areas of movement, with different characteristics. In the North Sea the invasionary transports can have the co-operation of the heavy ships of the German Navy, which may now consist of two modern battleships of the largest size, two battle cruisers, and an uncertain number of cruisers including those armoured cruisers commonly called "pocket-battleships," together with a number of small craft for screening the fighting and transport ships against submarine attack. The methods open to him for safeguarding his transports across the North Sea to whatever may be their destination are threefold. He may escort them with the whole of his forces; he may attempt to draw the British fleet away from the route to be taken by the transports, trusting to evasion and to a comparatively small escort for defence against such detachments as might be expected to be at large; or he might precede his movement by an intensive attack upon the fleet from the air. The first of these demands a great superiority: the tactical conditions of a battle fought when burdened with the responsibility for a great body of shipping are very unfavourable, the second lays the transports open to the risk that if they are sighted by the scouting craft of the British forces which range the air constantly, their position and course will quickly be known and then the chances that they will be intercepted before reaching their destination are considerable. Here, as in the Channel, security depends upon the early receipt of information of a movement of any kind, and this information one or another of our means of scouting should be able to procure and transmit. The immunity enjoyed by the enemy in his Norwegian adventure is not to be counted upon to-day.

In the Bay and the Western Approaches there are, so far as

the writer is aware, no considerable German forces. Continuous observation of the more southerly of these ports may be less easy than it is in the Channel and the North Sea, and the departure of a body of transports at night may be unobserved. Such a body of ships might make a wide sweep into the Atlantic, as General Humbert did in his attempt against Lough Swilly, and so avoid detection until it is sighted off the coast. But experience goes to show that there is a strong disinclination to trusting entirely to evasion. The penalties of being detected and fallen upon by superior force were sufficient to deter most commanders from making the attempt; to-day the penalties are greater, for the torpedo leaves little chance of survival. Nevertheless, the possibility that, in the reckless mood of our enemy, the attempt may be made is not to be disregarded. Ireland is a tempting objective, for the possession of the ports to the westward confers great advantages and the possibility is not to be overlooked that the threats in the Channel and North Sea barge ports may, if the prospects of success appear unfavourable, as they did to Napoleon, be diversionary only, and the main effort may be directed towards the conquest and occupation of that island in order to obtain a decision by the medium of the attack upon trade. Eire's neutrality, so far from rendering her immune from attack and injury, in actual practice has precisely the opposite effect. As the experience of the other small nations has shown, Herr Hitler pays no regard to the neutrality of those states whose occupation serves his purpose; while at the same time the security which the sea, land and air forces of Britain could afford is hamstrung. With naval and air forces in her ports, and with land forces in the country large enough to oblige the enemy to employ large forces the defence of whose transport increases the difficulties of an invasion and the prospects of detection, Eire's danger would be reduced to as near to nothing as anything can be in the great gamble of war.

AIR REPRISAL

By Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton

IT is a common experience, nowadays, to overhear snatches of conversation, wherever the War is being discussed, that voice a vague desire for reprisals on the German population in revenge for the death and destruction which the Nazi bombers are dealing out nightly over Britain. The word revenge is apposite, for these retaliatory symptoms have always a civilian origin, related to the simple social law of tit-for-tat, and have no connection with any normal school of military thought. People who talk thus do not realize that they are being harshly critical of the conduct of the war, or that they are in reality substituting their own untrained ideas for an educated process administered by technicians who cannot afford themselves the luxury of revengeful thinking.

Admittedly it is a great temptation to talk meanfully in this strain as our walls come down about our ears, and as the tale of civilian casualties mounts ever higher. It is small compensation for Mrs. Jones, who has just been rendered homeless and whose pots and pans, and sticks of furniture, are no longer recognizable as such, to be told that German 'hausfraus' are or may be undergoing a similar disaster. She wants to know, and small blame to her for it, that her Nazi counterpart is getting it deliberately by design, and getting it far worse. So one more voice is added to the clamant chorus for reprisals that is continually gathering strength.

There need be no actual, or active, harm in the expression of this natural desire to give the other fellow a taste of his own medicine. In point of fact it can serve the useful purpose of arousing an increased pugnacity, and thus hardening the determination to see the War through to the bitter end. But it is well that it should be kept within reasonable limits, or, better still, that it should be gently re-directed to the main flow of bellicose verbosities, there to merge with the hurrying stream of uncritical outspokenness. For although the reprisal clamour will fall, and rightly so, unheeded on the military ear, a political sense of hearing is more receptive to the *vox populi*, and therein lies the danger.

The word reprisal, in any case, is a silly term to use, especially in connection with air war. It is eminently suitable to the Nazi mentality in that it bespeaks a narrow mindedness and a bullying disposition, very far removed from the British fisticuff conception. We are nationally averse to dirty ways of fighting, and are justifiably proud of our cleanness of method whenever we take up arms, or cudgels, for the purpose of defence. It has yet to be proved to our satisfaction that a reversal of this procedure would be a paying proposition, and even then there would be much hesitation in adopting it. In boxing analogy we hate to hit below the belt, and even if a Britisher is smote amidships by a treacherous opponent he prefers, upon recovery, to go on fighting in the only way he knows.

It can certainly be well argued that such a frame of mind is not suitable to the circumstances of war, and in some ways we have undoubtedly behaved in 'cock-eyed' fashion in our dealings with the Nazi brute. It seems somewhat of a pity, for instance, that we let the Bremen go. And again, our shipping tonnage would be greater now, at the expense of the Nazi mercantile marine, if we had on principle refrained from rescuing the would-be suicidal crews in open boats who had previously sunk the ships they sailed in. But these are not reprisal actions in any sense of that much abused word, which, let it be repeated, is anyhow a silly term in modern war, and ought to be deleted.

The long-drawn battle in which we are engaged is being far too fiercely fought, against a stronger-armed opponent, to allow of any expenditure of energy not directed towards the weakening of the Nazi war machine. In reference, once more, to the analogy of the Ring, would a professional boxer, with his career as a pugilist at stake, neglect an opening for a forthright blow, and tap his adversary's claret for the mere reason that his own nose had been made to bleed? If he were thus tempted, and thrown off balance by his smart, he would soon disappoint his backers by being counted out! And that example, traced in sawdust, is what air reprisal would amount to were we so utterly foolish as to commit it. For the last time, it is a silly term. It infers, on the part of our enemy, a limit to which he would not go, whereas it is well known that he will go to all lengths rather than risk defeat, which for him would mean utter ruination.

Nightly we send out our bombers in accordance with a well-laid plan that has been carefully constructed at Air Headquarters, and which fluctuates in keeping with a changing

situation. Our aim is always material destruction, and is directed at objectives which have a military significance as cogs and wheels, or other moving mechanisms, required to move, and keep in motion, the enemy's machine of war. Sometimes we hit out at its fuel supply, the motive power that makes its wheels go round. At others we wreck the plans for its assembly or refurbishment, attacking storage centres, production plants, railway terminals, canal systems, and all else that has to do with the servicing of the vast machine. As often as the other two combined we endeavour to shatter the various working parts of the machine itself, bombing them in naval ports and roadsteads, in occupied harbours, on aerodromes, and wherever else our intelligence service may reveal a favourable opportunity. Our senior Air Officers who direct all these activities are in close and constant consultation, reading signs and portents with an avid eye and sensitively feeling out for indications all the time that energy is not being misapplied. No element of haphazard enters into their instructions. They are adhering to a plan of strategy.

The enemy also, we may presume, is acting similarly when he sends his bombers out. It is natural that he should have a different method for the solution of his problem, for the circumstance is not the same and his war potential, stated in terms of salvos from the air, is considerably greater than our own. He has encompassed great destruction over Britain, as our official statements prove, though it has been mostly brought about on a system of attack which is plainly indiscriminate by intent. Flying inland at about their range of height his bomber aircraft neither wish, nor try, to unload on specific targets of military importance. Secure in the knowledge, according to the precept of totalitarian warfare, that all is fish for them to fry below they release their bombs over a more or less confined area, hoping to lay it all in ruins. Whereas we pick out a works or harbour basin or a transportation core, they pick on a city or a town. Whereas our air crews return with bombs unloaded if they cannot find their target, the Nazi bomber pilots can always bomb an area. We are working to one system and they are working to another.

There is no doubt whatever that the enemy plan is fraught with much more misery to civilian non-combatants than is our own, though it is equally certain that the German population cannot escape unscathed. But that is not the point. We believe that our method is a better means of prosecuting the War, not because it is incidental to it that civilian life is not

attacked, but because it strikes at the heart and origin of the Nazi military power, and each well-directed blow at that objective is an added means to victory. Those among us who voice their demand for reprisal bombing are asking for a change of method, demanding that we should forsake efficiency for inefficiency and imagining that it were better to raze a row of dwellings than to obliterate an acreage of essential workshops. To do so would be to play the enemy's game for him. It would be a surrender of initiative, amounting to dictation by the enemy of our offensive in the air. That is what reprisal is!

There is nothing of a humanitarian nature in our attitude. How could there be in modern war? It has been adopted as, in our considered opinion, the most effective means of gaining victory. Let us suppose by the widest stretch of imagination that the total destruction, say, of Weimar University and all within its town, by air attack would instantly bring peace. Would we then refrain from bringing it about on humanitarian grounds? Assuredly not, and if so we would thoroughly deserve to lose the War! But that would not be reprisal, and that is why, just once again, reprisal is a silly term.

FRANCE FALLS

By Louis Lévy

IT was not until Saturday, May 11, that the war correspondents* were authorized to "try" to reach Belgium. By chance, I was in Paris, instead of at our G.H.Q. in Nancy, when the offensive was launched. With a simplicity of mind that seven months' experience of the General Staff should have cured, I imagined that we should be allowed to do our work on the spot, now that the war of movement had begun. By Thursday morning, my colleagues and I were besieging the Hotel Continental, where the press services were installed. We all wanted to leave for Belgium, to be attached to a division or at least to an army corps. It took us two days of argument to get permission to join, not even an army, but the G.H.Q. of the group of armies operating in Belgium. Even then we were not allowed to go immediately to the Nord Department, but were compelled to go to Soissons, where we were to wait until we were sent for by the Press officers.

Sunday morning was spent in waiting for the press officers. They arrived after lunch, ready to take us to Cambrai. Before getting into our cars, we had time to see the first refugees from Charleville, fleeing from the heavy bombardment. They spoke in pessimistic terms, to which we attached little importance.

By the end of the afternoon we were in Cambrai, and installed in a hotel opposite the station. For a few days at least, this was to be our centre. When the armies had advanced further into Belgium, we were to move further north. But on that same evening we had a press conference. In one of the rooms of the hotel, some of the officers of the group of armies gave us our first information on the development of the operations. Can I, I wonder, reproduce here some of the phrases I took down then, without bringing bitter smiles to the lips of my readers? Here are a few words chosen at random from my notebook:

*From November, 1939, I ceased to be diplomatic correspondent of the *Populaire* in order to become its war correspondent.

> We passed through moments of great emotion when our troops moved into Belgium, on the night of the 9th-10th . . . Everything moved with perfect regularity . . . The speed of our motorized columns was so great that in many cases we were in advance of schedule . . . In Belgium and Holland, things are not going to go as they did in Poland . . . The enemy's bombings have not prevented the movement of our troops . . . The "destruction belt" created by the Dutch and Belgians has fulfilled its purpose everywhere . . . Enemy penetrations have taken place only where they had been expected . . . There have been no tactical surprises . . . Wherever clashes have occurred between the Germans and the French, British or Belgian troops, the Germans have had considerable losses and have been halted. We have imposed our will on the enemy as and where we wished . . . In Holland, the situation is progressing favourably. Parachutist elements have been reduced or destroyed . . . The fifth column has been of no effect.

This was the kind of thing that was said to us, in complete good faith, I am sure, at the Headquarters of the first group of armies, on Sunday, May 12, at about 6 o'clock in the evening. But the penetrating question of my friend David Scott of the *News-Chronicle*, who persistently asked whether or not it was true that the Germans had crossed the Albert Canal, met with no reply.

On the morning of the 13th, we were divided into several groups of five or six journalists each. I was to go to the first army (Blanchard's army), to Valenciennes, to Mons in Belgium, perhaps to Brussels . . . But at Valenciennes, the officer in charge of us, Captain F . . ., a splendid fellow who, a few months earlier had taken me more than once to see the fortifications so zealously built by the first army, received orders not to go beyond Mons.

We wandered about a little in Valenciennes. Already the bombers had done their work. Near the station, a number of houses had been reduced to shells. Suddenly, the sirens sounded, and women ran to the shelters, feverishly clutching their children in their arms . . . Then a trip to the Belgian frontier, where the customs-officers spoke with emotion of the arrival of the French troops, their "liberators." At Mons, the streets were crowded, the café terraces packed. In the old Town Hall Square, the French and Belgian colours flew fraternally side by side. But on the roads we met columns of refugees, vehicles of all kinds, loaded with furniture and household utensils. And then long, long strings of bicycles, piled high with clothing and topped with thick scarlet blankets.

That evening, we were taken out from Valenciennes along a road, a road bordered by beacon-lamps, mysterious star-like

lamps casting a faint light at ground level. At one point a long convoy of artillery passed us. In the darkness, a soldier perched on a gun waved a friendly salutation. Everything was planned, minutely planned, with skill and completeness beyond all praise. The advance of our troops into Belgium was indeed being carried out in the most remarkable fashion.

On the next day Captain F . . . sought in vain for permission for us to go into Belgium. There was nothing to be done, we had to return to Cambrai. Those colleagues who had been sent to the Ardennes had not returned. We envied them, not knowing that they had been held up in some anonymous village. The ninth army, on the Meuse, had other things to do besides looking after war correspondents.

On Wednesday, the 15th, Captain B . . ., of the group of armies, came to see us about midday. He took me on one side: "Things are not going very well. Seriously, they are not going well . . . Go back to Paris. There's nothing for you to do here . . . For the moment you won't be allowed to go anywhere . . . I can't give you the details . . . but you'd better go, and go by train, it would be wiser."

All that I could manage to glean from him was that there had been reverses in the Ardennes, but I could get no details whatever. Some of my English and American colleagues hired a car; I decided that the train was good enough. Three journalists insisted on staying in Cambrai: the next day the station was bombed and they were compelled to leave by bicycle, only to be bombed again en route by low-flying planes, while two of them only just escaped being arrested as parachutists. Anyone dressed as an officer, but with no pips on his shoulder, and claiming to be a war correspondent, was obviously highly suspect.

On the afternoon of the 15th I took the train. There was no through train and I had to change at X . . ., a little station that had been bombed several times in a few days. When we arrived the alert had just sounded, and passengers were compelled to take cover in improvized shelters a few yards from the station . . . At last the Paris train arrived, packed with refugees. I had to stand throughout the whole of the journey, which lasted 15 hours instead of the normal four. On several occasions we were stopped by air-raid warnings and the passengers got out and lay down on the embankments. Somewhere near St. Quentin, I distinctly heard gun fire. There was no doubt that it was gun fire, but where were the guns? At St. Quentin? A soldier returning from Belgium gave me his

impressions in a low voice, so as not to frighten the civilians. He was returning from Dinant, where he had been fighting in the cemetery. "We fought well," he said, "but there were not enough of us and not enough planes. And the German planes kept up a perpetual bombardment . . ."

* * * * *

It was not until Friday, the 17th, that I got any reliable details about the disaster on the Meuse. Georges Mandel received me and told me what he had learned the previous day by telephone from the lips of Gamelin himself. The latter, he said, was perfectly clear and had kept his head, but he had said that the "instrument" had not done what was expected of it. He thought it was even possible that German columns might reach Paris by midnight that night. Mandel unrolled a map and explained to me that that morning, Friday, a German column was at Ouchy-le-Château, to the south of Vervins. As was to be expected of Clemenceau's former right hand man, Mandel had lost none of his sententious and slightly affected impassivity. His criticisms of both soldiers and civilians were incisive. Nevertheless he was still filled with determination to resist at any price, to resist to the very end . . .

During the days that followed it was impossible for war correspondents to go to the front, where their presence would have impeded the movements of the armies. By way of compensation we were allowed to visit the aerodromes. We went in all directions, North, South, East and West of Paris. In the course of a visit to an aerodrome near Evreux, the brutal fact of invasion was brought home to us. Just as we had done a few days earlier in Belgium, we encountered farm-carts, laden with refugees. But this time the peasants fleeing westward with their cattle and farm implements were not Belgians; they were peasants from Picardy, from the Department of the Somme.

On the aerodrome we went to see both fighter and bomber pilots. There was nothing to choose between them in heroism. Their drawn features and haggard looks were to be expected of men who were getting only a few hours rest a day, but they still smiled and their eyes shone. They refused to discuss their exploits. In general they spoke very little and were reserved, anxious to avoid boasting. It was only when pressed with questions that they finally told us of the inadequacy of the means provided for them to fight an enemy infinitely better equipped.

In spite of the difficulties of the task, none of the young men

whom we met had any doubts of victory. All were looking forward to better days . . ., but when, in the evening, we returned to Paris, we found, alas, a less heroic atmosphere. At the Hotel Continental, at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in the Chamber, in newspaper offices, pessimism and defeatism were distilling their poison.

* * * * *

It was on May 31 that chance took me to Rethel. We had set off for a visit to Champagne, passing through Esternay and Vitry-le-François, the latter so savagely bombed that in the centre of the town only a door and the wall of a synagogue were still standing among the ruins. We had arrived at Bury, whence the war correspondents were sent out to different districts. We drew lots and the luck of the draw sent me to Rethel. It was there that I learned how stupid were the libels spread by some of the strategists of the Chamber. Despite the failure of the ninth Army on the Meuse, the French soldier remained what I had known him to be, during the winter in the advanced posts. The unbending determination of General de Lattre de Tassigny and his subordinates had been enough to ensure the defence of Rethel, despite the furious attacks of the enemy. In a recent book* I have told the story of the battle of Rethel, and shown how de Lattre de Tassigny, arriving on May 14, amid the fleeing Corap army, had succeeded with an incomplete division in holding the North bank of the Aisne until the routed army had crossed, and had then installed himself on the South bank, in positions from which the Germans had been unable to move him. I talked on the spot with the heroes of Rethel, General de Lattre himself, Major Jahan, Captain Quinche, Lieutenant Puget and their men of the 152nd regiment (the ' red devils ' of Colmar) who had succeeded, with improvised equipment in destroying 200 to 250 German motorized vehicles. All were confident and resolute. At a few kilometres from the line, we drank to victory, to the victory that still seemed certain.

Ten days later I left again for the rear. It was Sunday, June 9. On the previous day the Germans had taken Forges-les-Eaux. But we were not allowed to go in that direction; we were authorized only to go towards the Marne and the Aisne. We began our trip with a visit to the Headquarters of the 4th Army at Montmirail. In a schoolroom where we sat listening eagerly, like schoolboys at their desks, some of the

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officers explained the situation to us. We learned what had happened on the Aillette canal, to the North of the Aisne. The enemy had attacked on June 6 with forces three times as numerous as ours. In a region of marsh and scrub he had advanced by infiltration. Our men had held on magnificently, despite dive-bombing attacks. For two days they had succeeded in holding their positions. General Lestien's 28th division—I had known General Lestien when he was in command of the *Chasseurs alpins* in the advanced posts of Alsace—had performed miracles. Nevertheless the Germans had reached the Aisne. The fighting had been desperate; as each wave appeared it had been mown down, to be followed by another that was mown down too, and then another. Nothing seemed to discourage them and they succeeded in launching rafts and pontoon bridges, infiltrating gradually . . . Finally, on the previous day, the Saturday, they had succeeded in crossing the Aisne to the East of Soissons.

"And yet," everyone said to us, "there is one comfort; the morale of the men is extraordinary, despite their fatigue. There are no quitters, everything is going as well as can be expected . . . ."

In the afternoon, at Ouchy-le-Château, not far from the Ourcq (between the Aisne and the Marne), I had the same impression. I met some old reservists, driving lorries. One of them, who had been through the last war, explained to me that "the old 'uns would have to start on the job again." Wherever I went the morale was excellent. And yet some of the infantrymen had had no sleep for five or six nights.

At Headquarters, a Colonel received us hurriedly. He was dropping with fatigue and addressed us in short staccato phrases, balancing his spectacles in his hand. He explained to us that on the Ourcq they had been ordered to fight to the death. But the odds were two to one, and he told us of a Colonel who, with a reconnaissance squad, had succeeded in incredible circumstances in holding the enemy.

"When there are no men left," said our Colonel, still balancing his spectacles, "one takes a rifle and fights on oneself."

Nobody, I affirm, had any thought, but of defence. We left the Ourcq region, where the enemy must have been quite close, and went back towards the Marne. In front of the houses people were loading their farm-carts in preparation for a hasty evacuation. Near Château-Thierry, preparations were being made for resistance. We all, without exception, expected a new battle of the Marne.

On my return to Paris that evening I found an atmosphere of pure panic. Everyone was preparing to leave. The next day, Monday, June 10, the newspapers began their evacuation to the provinces. I decided, as a war correspondent, not to follow my paper, but to stay as long as possible in the capital. But throughout the day, Paris rapidly emptied. By evening the Ministry of Foreign Affairs was deserted, its officials already on the way to Tours.

With my wife I walked along the Quai d'Orsay and crossed the Place de la Concorde. In the rue Royale there was no one on the café *terrasses*, and yet it was seven o'clock, normally the time for the *apéritif*. We sat down at Weber's and decided to dine there; a dismal meal in a half empty room.

When we came out it was dark. We went past the Madeleine and into the rue Tronchet. The air was filling with a strange smell of smoke and powder. In the rue Tronchet, leading to the Gare S. Lazare, one could pick out vague masses of humanity. They were refugees, dropping with fatigue, lying on their bundles at street corners. I saw prostitutes bending over some of these poor women, offering comfort and help . . .

All the public services were evacuating to Tours. There were no newspapers left in Paris. It was impossible to do any work; I had to go.

It was during the night that I decided to go, and at dawn on the 11th I set out in search of a car. I walked through Paris in vain. The centre of the town was almost empty. The abominable smell of smoke caught one's throat. Everything was drowned in a strange fog . . . From time to time a taxi appeared, but always packed with travellers and luggage. Police were on guard before the closed gates of the Ministry of the Interior, but not a single official had not been evacuated. At the Invalides, Headquarters of the Military Governor of Paris, the scene was incredible. The courtyard was full of motor cycles. On the staircases, dispatch riders were running from one office to another. It was impossible to get hold of anyone in this extraordinary rush. Everyone seemed to be speaking in whispers and the whole left an impression of complete disorder. For the first time I felt the physical sensations of defeat, of rout, even.

Finally, towards mid-day, my wife had found a motor-lorry. We got in it with a few relatives and two friends, war correspondents held up like myself. We crossed a Paris of shuttered shops and closed cafés and left by the Porte d'Italie . . . I was

installed at the back of the lorry and from there, catching a glimpse of the dome of the Panthéon, I felt a wave of sadness. Nevertheless I still had no suspicion of the truth. I thought Paris would be defended. More; in my simplicity, I thought I should soon be returning as a war correspondent during the siege.

I do not propose to recount in detail my own adventures. I do so only in so far as my story can throw some light on the days that immediately preceded the capitulation. So I omit the details of how, at Brétigny, I succeeded in acquiring a van, or of how I arrived in the evening at Orléans to find it full of refugees, sleeping on benches, in the station, in the public square.

The next day, Wednesday the 12th, I left Orléans at mid-day for Tours . . . On the Journey we passed a number of military convoys. I saw soldiers returning from Dunkirk, going as they thought to some part of the front. Their coaches were still decorated with branches and they were singing.

Travelling with us were some refugees. One young woman was on her way to Poitiers, and was worried as to how she should earn her living. Two old women, refugees from the Aisne, were going to the Charente. The elder, whose twinkling eyes brightened a face wrinkled like a dried apple, was full of good humour. She was a Parisian who had retired to the country, but she still thought of herself as a city dweller, and was full of memories of the Paris of former days. She had known the Second Empire; her father had been a musician at the Opera, and she remembered the war of 1870. Once already, in 1914, the Germans had compelled her to seek refuge in the Charente. This was her third war, and yet, no doubt crossed her mind for a single second. She knew that the Germans would be beaten and that she would return to her home. All that was needed was patience, and despite her eighty years she lacked none of this.

At Tours the disorder was at its height. We slept in a car on the road, and it was the next day, Thursday, the 13th, that I received the blow I was so little expecting. Meeting the Socialist Minister, Albert Rivière, I learned that the capitulation was being prepared. Rivière had let himself be convinced by the defeatists in the Cabinet, and claimed that resistance was impossible.

A colleague of Mandel's gave me the same information, with more details. He said that at the Cabinet meeting Pétain had spoken in favour of capitulation, as had Weygand. I refused

to believe it. It was only later that I learned of the words of the General: "I need fresh divisions to maintain order." Finally, further confirmation was brought to me at the school in which the Chamber of Deputies was installed. And in the afternoon, newspapers appeared, announcing that Paris had been declared an open town. I read and re-read them, unable to understand . . . I showed the paper to Dr. Negrin, the former premier of the Spanish Republic, whom I met in the rue Nationale. Neither of us had the strength to offer any comment.

And yet, all was not lost. In the train that took twenty-four hours to reach Bordeaux—from mid-day Friday to mid-day Saturday—I began to hope again. On the Saturday at Bordeaux the Socialist Minister, Georges Monnet, helped, in perfect good faith, to maintain my illusions. He thought that the resisters would win.

But what an atmosphere we found in the town whose mayor was the defeatist Marquet! The refugees from Paris, who filled the squares and the Boulevards, the streets and the bye-ways, all oozed defeatism. As one wandered from café to café one heard the most improbable rumours. And yet no irreparable decision had so far been taken.

On the morning of Sunday, June 16, a former coadjutor of Paul Reynaud, an air force officer, met me with a smiling face. He had just seen his former chief, and was full of confidence, more than confidence. Reynaud had assured him that resistance would go on. But Léon Blum, whom I met in the afternoon, was less confident. He was calm, fully in command of himself and was sparing nothing in urging resistance but he appeared to have no illusions. Nor, it may be added, did his faithful colleague, my friend Marx Dormoy.

On a café terrace the *chef de cabinet* of a resisting Minister, mobilized as a Captain, shook his head: "Don't you understand," he said to me, "We shall have to adapt the *levée en masse* to modern conditions, proclaim that the fatherland is in danger, requisition everybody, put down mines, dig tank traps and so on. But that, of course, is a call to a revolutionary war. Do you expect *these* people to want that?" Throughout the day I wandered from café *terrasse* to café *terrasse*, from the Cour de l'Intendance to the Place du Théatre. It was still true that all was not yet lost. Would the partisans of resistance and of departure for North Africa yet win the day? The Cabinet meeting had been adjourned to the evening. I remember how, the whole day long, my wife and I kept on

saying to each other: "What are they waiting for, Reynaud, Mandel, Monnet and the rest of the resisters, why don't they arrest the defeatist in the Cabinet? If they don't, they'll be arrested themselves by the Fascists."

And yet about seven o'clock a rumour went round that we were moving towards resistance and we began to hope again. But after dinner we heard strange rumours and the distant sound of public demonstrations. The Mayor, Marquet, doubtless in accord with his *compère* Laval, already installed at the *mairie*—had organized a "spontaneous" manifestation against the "warmongers." Under the awning of the little café I found the wife of Georges Monnet collapsed on a chair, unable to answer any of my questions. Her husband's secretary could do little more. "Go to the *Préfecture*" he said "and see for yourself!"

It was only just round the corner; I ran. The entrance was blocked by *gardes mobiles*. Louis Rollin, a reactionary Minister but a "resister," was arguing violently with an officer who was trying to keep him out . . . By now the news was known: the defeatists had won.

(*Translated by W. Pickles.*)

THE PATIENCE OF CHINA

By Rev. G. F. Allen

(During the last three years Mr. Allen has had an intensive experience of life under war conditions in China, both under Japanese invasion in the East, and in a remote village in the free interior in the far West. For a year he was teaching in Canton, while day and night Japanese aeroplanes bombed the city. For six months after the fall of Canton he was secretary of the International Refugee Committee. Then he moved with his college to a village in West Yunnan, near the Burma Road.)

LONG centuries of suffering, caused by recurring famine or flood, have given the Chinese an immense capacity for the patient bearing of pain. They have a fatalistic resignation, which at times can become a vice, when it inhibits that passion of revolt which elsewhere provides the dynamic for reform. Yet this capacity for endurance has stood them in good stead, as they have had to face the sufferings of these years. They have too a fund of humour, which even the agony of war has not been able to break. Driven from their homes, trudging away across country with one small bundle which was all they had saved from the wreck, the refugees could still laugh and chaff on their way. For a few days the pain at the collapse of resistance and the sudden fall of their city robbed laughter from our students in Canton. One wondered what was missing, until one heard them laughing again, and knew what it was.

The Chinese family system has also stood the people in good stead in these days. Even in the vast crowded towns there are few who have not somewhere a relation in a village. When towns were bombed or burnt, there would be very few villages which were not quick to open their doors to those who came for help and who bore the family name. Recently I have seen an estimate that the refugee population in China, driven from their homes, exceeds the entire population of the whole British Isles. A day or two ago I received the bulletin published by the National Christian Council of China. In it the recent evacuation is described from a single district in Shensi.

> Some 30,000 people had already by September 12 left their homes, driven away by crop failure and war, and increasing numbers were going. Hundreds are selling their belongings in order to get money for the journey . . . . Oxcarts—at more than a hundred dollars a cart —are hired for the women and children. Hundreds of these 'covered wagons' are going Northwest. It is the 'desert express' taking more than half a month to cross the Mongol desert. As there are no inns on the way, the journey is hazardous in more ways than one.

In England we have begun to see a little of rising prices and food control. In normal times in China a dollar will buy about twelve catties of rice. During the worst of the refugee conditions in Canton, a dollar would only buy three catties. When I left West Yunnan, a dollar would only buy one catty. Rice is staple and the price of everything else rises in proportion. It is not surprising that my Chinese friends were beginning to talk of famine prices. Elsewhere in China the perennial sufferings of flood and famine have combined with the havoc of war. Other numbers of the bulletin from which I quoted have spoken of places where Chinese villages were glad if they could get chaff or the husks of pea-nuts for food. But it is not only the Chinese who are suffering. Another bulletin describes the plight of Jewish refugees in Shanghai, and quotes one of them as saying: "We only get one meal a day now, and only one thing at a meal. Yesterday it was cabbage, and I don't know what was the matter, no one could eat it; so yesterday we got nothing."

In the midst of so great need all available resources have been organized for the immediate relief of distress. The Chinese government has helped where it could in the evacuation of refugees. Where the Japanese have invaded, and the government withdrew, funds were often given to the international committees for refugee work. The government authorities officially recognized and approved all that these committees could do for the relief of the destitute. Invaluable help then came from the various relief funds raised in Britain and America and elsewhere, and also from Chinese living overseas.

In Canton we opened all our available foreign property for the housing of the refugees. All who were strong enough we had to send away, to find what accommodation they could for themselves in the country-side. We knew we should only have room for the aged and infirm and for the children. Within a few days we had twenty thousand or more to care for; and we had to organize the finding and distributing of supplies, amid a complete breakdown of all normal trade, transport and

labour. There, as elsewhere, it only became possible to cope with the situation, because there was faultless co-operation of all the various Christian societies. Roman Catholics, the reformed churches, and the Salvation Army worked side by side in a single organization for relief work. For months we organized the first essentials of food and clothing, and then the beginnings of educational work and of various schemes for self-help, in the schools and university buildings which had become our refugee camps. Later, as the population began to return to the town, the various churches opened free feeding centres to save the people from utter starvation. When last I heard from Canton, two years after the invasion, all trade and therefore all employment was dead; only the utterly poor were returning to their homes in the city; every day men were found dead from starvation on the streets, and the churches were still giving out ten thousand free meals or more a day.

It is obviously interesting to ask, yet also surprisingly difficult to answer, what has been the behaviour of the Japanese, and how they are regarded by these Chinese, who have been compelled by poverty or infirmity to remain under Japanese rule. It is difficult to answer, because in war the passions of political feeling run high, and men judge an objective situation in the light of their own inner emotion and prejudice. In Canton, from people whose judgment in each case I would respect, dealing with the same objective situation, I heard the comments that the Japanese behaviour had been abominable, and that they had behaved like a model army of occupation. The truth doubtless is somewhere between these extremes. On their side the Japanese are out first avowedly for the extension of their own power and their own trade. Further, they claim that it is they who are called to be the saviours of Eastern Asia, and they seek, with no small success, to drive out every other foreign influence. They seek therefore, as do all invading armies, to crush any leadership that is against their control, and to win over the mass of the people to approval for their control. For this end, they carry on intensive propaganda, and in Canton and probably elsewhere they distributed free rice for the destitute. It is inevitable that those who have little or no training in critical judgment, and whose one and only thought is the question where they can find their next meal, should be influenced to some extent by those who in fact provide that meal.

Nevertheless invading armies are seldom popular, even with the destitute; and often the Japanese have behaved in ways,

which are foolish from their own point of view, if they seek to win popularity. Like any invading army, they have had to find food locally for their troops; and they have often been harsh and exacting in raiding for supplies. Often they have shown a vein of cruelty. We may not say that such cruelty is peculiarly Eastern, when we are forced to our shame to witness the emergence of cruelty in recent political life in the West; we must say that such cruelty is universal in the petty bullying of man against man, and is only conquered and tamed where the pity of Christ has triumphed over it through long training.

There is considerable evidence that in some places the Japanese have sought to weaken Chinese morale by encouraging the sale of drugs. I do not feel sure that there was any deliberate encouragement in Canton. The craving was there; it had been held in check, while the Chinese government were making strong efforts to suppress the use of drugs; it broke out, when the Japanese overthrew the existing government and the restraint was therefore removed. In other ways the Japanese armies made themselves unpopular with petty restrictions. In order to restore order and to check looting which was rampant in the city, they instituted so-called good citizen badges; from their point of view it was necessary to do something to police and discipline the city, but these badges were fiercely resented by the Chinese as a badge of submission to Japanese rule. The Japanese demanded that all Chinese should bow to their sentries; from their point of view they were only asking an acknowledgment, which every Japanese also gives to the soldier, as representative of the Emperor; from the Chinese point of view they were again demanding a very humiliating recognition of foreign power. In our refugee work, the Japanese attitude was that we were free to use our foreign property as we chose for helping the destitute; that they were free, as they had the right to be, to inspect, in order to see that we were not sheltering latent military opposition; and for the rest that they could not help us but would not hinder us. On the whole I would say that they kept fairly to their side of this understanding; but that their general behaviour, though far better in Canton than it seems to have been in Nanking, was little likely to make the Chinese desire any prolongation of their conquest.

In the occupied areas there is naturally almost complete frustration of all culture. The Chinese are unwilling to do anything that will condone or assist the invasion; the

Japanese can make little out of their conquest, if they are unable to win over Chinese support. Trade is reduced to the barest sale of necessities. Education is practically at a stand still. Yenching University lives a precarious existence in Peiping and has a large enrolment; almost all other Universities have moved away to the interior. The churches keep open, and as yet have reasonable freedom. Some time ago it was said that they were crowded in Nanking. In some places they organize Bible literacy classes, in order to keep alive the first beginnings of training for the children who are left in the invaded areas.

In the interior of China, we see a very different picture. Before the war, under the very able leadership of Chiang Kai Shek, China was making rapid progress toward national unity, toward industrialization, toward the improvement of transport, and toward literacy for the masses and a rising standard of education in state schools and universities. It was doubtless because Japan saw and feared the awakening of China, that she decided to strike and assert her own power before it was too late. The result of the Japanese attack has been to promote and strengthen just these tendencies, which she desired to check. The common enmity of Japan bound into alliance the communist groups and the nationalists; this remains the one weak spot in national unity, and it is doubtful how far the alliance will survive the peace. The strength of the Japanese air force and navy made China realize how far she was behind the rest of the world, in the development of modern scientific industrialized civilization. It removed the last excuse that China, rightly proud of her own long centuries of civilization, had for saying that she had nothing to learn from the West. Through the necessity of building up a strong resistance, China is therefore to-day very rapidly passing through her own industrial revolution in the interior. New factories are being built in the towns in the interior, with new roads and railways to link the towns together. The Burma road is the obvious example; it is less commonly known in England, and it ought to be as widely known that China is rapidly building the railway to Burma, and that this railway will be useless to her, unless and until we begin to build the link on the Burma side, which will join it up with the Burma railway system and the coast. Villages in the interior, which a few years ago had scarcely seen a foreigner, are now becoming cosmopolitan cities with representatives of every nation exploring for trade. As we look to future world reconstruction, it is

a most important factor that China with her millions, as the last great power to do so, is now rapidly passing through her industrial revolution, and will in our generation take her place in the family of nations as a great economic and political power.

How is all this affecting the life of ordinary people? It is a strange contrast of old and new, of East and West, of ancient custom and superstition and modern science. Before the war in Canton on one side of the street you could see a flaming red tiger in Neon lights as the advertisement for a patent medicine, and on the opposite side of the street two little devils which a shop had put up, to ward off the attack of the tiger. Neon lights and devils to ward off worse devils, that is a symbol of the contrast which you may see all over China.

In the village half way up the Burma road, to which we moved our college, you could still see the most interesting survivals of primitive custom. We were shown Taoist manuscripts which had been handed down for seven or eight centuries in the village. Incense sticks, burning before the well in the court where we lived, took one back to the earliest days of animism in the Old Testament. We witnessed sacrificial ceremonies, in which just that same hunger for the propitiation of a strange world of friendly or unfriendly spirits was present, as gave birth to similar customs of sacrifice in the primitive religion of the West. There were many survivals of ancient fear and superstition. One day we went to a town a few miles from the Burma road, and found the gates closed; we suspected fear of robbers, but we were told that there had been an excess of rain for the crops, and that the rain came from that direction! Through it all there was the naïve piety and the unspoilt simplicity and generosity of all those in every country who live close to the soil.

One day, as we sat by the road side reading letters, a country woman passed, returning from market. She was poorest of the poor. She stopped and smiled, and we smiled in return. Very solemnly, she paused and unwrapped a bundle from her back. From it she took a handful of nuts, and poured them into our laps. Smiling again, with no small labour, she did up her bundle, and went on her way. Thus she did the honours of the village to the strange looking foreigners who had come into the village, with a beautiful and perfect example of pure, unspoilt friendship and hospitality.

And into the midst of it all there was suddenly placed a refugee University from Wuchang and our own college from

Canton. It was very much as though Oxford or Cambridge were suddenly placed in the remotest village of the wilds of West Ireland or the Highlands of Scotland. Life was very simple. Glass and iron were as yet rare commodities. The only carpenters were the coffin makers; and they made us rough stools and tables, jointed to avoid the use of nails. Our students lived in very crowded quarters in rooms in the village; and those who visited us from other refugee universities told us that our conditions were luxurious, compared with conditions elesewhere. For a chapel we were lent a Buddhist temple, with vast idols of plaster and paint gazing down at us. For hospital and clinic we had another ancestral hall. A German Jewish doctor, knowing not a word of Chinese, in an incredibly short time won the confidence of the village people, till they brought every kind of ailment to him for treatment. We had very bare equipment. The University science department managed to produce electricity from an old bus engine, driven on local charcoal; and with it we had a few electric lights, and a wireless set to keep us in touch with world news. The village elders, who had travelled and seen electricity elsewhere, came with the request that the University should harness the streams from the hills, and make electric power available for the district. Already the acids of modernity are beginning to eat their way through ancient belief and superstition. One night we watched a Taoist ceremony, in which priests in their gorgeous robes performed some kind of magic ceremonial dance; while we watched, an old man came across to us, and said, " Of course, we do not believe in all this now; but we have to carry it on, because it has been the ancient custom."

Customs die hard in a village community; and beliefs and customs linger buried in the interior of China, which have long died out in the sophisticated industrialized towns of the West. We may indeed hope that many of the beliefs and customs of ancient China will endure, and be built into the new China of to-morrow. The Chinese Principal of the University where we were working calls himself a Christian Confucian. There is much in the Confucian tradition which comes close to Christ, and little or nothing which we need oppose or reject as inconsistent with Christ. A long line of thinkers in the West have made a similar synthesis between Christian and earlier philosophic tradition; and have thought it not unworthy of Christ to claim this synthesis in His name, and to call themselves Christian Platonists.

Yet even more strongly to-day in China, despite the war and

because of the war, the rapid movements towards industrial and educational awakening are being carried on. The Westward migration of the Universities will be immensely important for the raising of standards in the new environment in which they are placed. One day they will hope to return to the Eastern towns, but they will leave branch schools or new universities in the villages and towns where they found refuge. China, like Britain, is resisting a supposed new order, which would mean domination of her continent by another alien power. China, like Britain, is seeking to build a new order, in which the advantages of modern science and industry may be organized and planned, while preserving the proper liberties of the individual. In her traditions of family life she may have a unique contribution of her own to make toward the world quest for a new order. Like Britain, perhaps at the moment even more consciously and deliberately than Britain, under the leadership of Chiang Kai Shek and his wife China is anxious that the new order should be Christian. She is eager for the help that other nations can give in building and training Christian leadership, and only asks that such help should be of first-class quality alike in love and in learning. For China, as for Britain, it is a day when intensity of suffering may lead, if only we learn its lessons, to intensity of awakening and of opportunity for new life and reconstruction. Her patient endurance of suffering will one day be rewarded with the liberation of her land.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

UP till last December the initiative rested everywhere with the Axis Powers. Italy held it in the Nile basin, and made no active use of it; but she opened up a new front also in the Eastern Mediterranean area, and brought a new combatant into action, with the results that we all know. In North and North-East Africa, in Albania and even in the Adriatic, Great Britain and her noble ally have forced Italy to a struggling defensive, worsted at many points, assailed at all. To a certain degree Hitler's choice of the place in which to strike is limited by the curtailment of his ally's possibilities. Feeling it necessary to do something to save Italy from total defeat, he has diverted an important contingent of his air force to the Mediterranean. Yet this opens a new possibility to him; for, should he bring Britain to terms of surrender he can remain master without contest of so much in Italy as he chooses to retain. That is an opening; it may also be a lure; he will certainly create forces in Italy ready to leap at him the moment a chance offers. But so far as Britain is concerned the whole plan of action must conform to Hitler's movements. His need for a decision this year is so patent that forces must be retained adequate to meet any invasion that can be conceived as possible; for no one will deny the resourcefulness or the determination of German soldiers. On the other hand, it seems almost inevitable that he should strike at Greece, the sole surviving example of unfettered national freedom on the European continent. Sweden enjoys (does Sweden enjoy?) a very limited exercise of national rights; the Swiss, defended by mountains which a race arduously prepared for the duty mans against all comers, are honourably free; yet they accept and merit the international guarantee. But Greece is just as free as her opponent; indeed, infinitely freer to shape a course than Italy to-day; and the presence of such an unquenched light is, for Hitler's purposes, distracting and demoralizing. If he joins in the attack, what then? Greece has been well able to hold Italy in check; help

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from the R.A.F. and the navy have enabled her to do more than merely hold. But can Greece, even with that help, defeat a German advance on Salonica? How much more help can England afford to give? The chance of Bulgarian resistance must be discounted; minds in the Balkans are terribly obsessed by old feuds, and the attitude of Bulgarians to Greece is about as friendly as that of Eire to Protestant Ulster. Turkey promises to act, without waiting for infringement of her territory; if that promise be made good, General Wavell will indeed find himself part of a powerful combination.

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Hitler's Army

No words could exaggerate the gravity of such a situation; and warning after warning has been given to the British people, who though confident, and increasingly confident after some ten weeks of unexpectedly good news, show no tendency to neglect precautions. But it is only right to remember how many calls Hitler's vast army must meet before he can face any important move. The very able Military Correspondent of the *Irish Times* (who gets a freer hand than is given to such commentators here) computed at the end of January that out of Germany's 220 divisions, of which 20 are training units, 140 were on the West front as against 60 on the East; the East reaching from East Prussia through Poland, Bohemia and Austria to Rumania. This meant that some two million of the best troops were facing England on a front from Norway to Western France. But what proportion of these divisions could be withdrawn from the task of holding what Germany has conquered? There are 85 in occupied France alone; even already there are stirrings in France, and that commitment may soon have to be enlarged. Again, out of the 40 divisions which this calculation allows to Poland and what was Czechoslovakia, how many could be safely pushed down the Danube to a campaign against Greece—and probably against Turkey? German prestige in the military sense stands so high that no success—short of capture of these islands—could greatly heighten the terror which German troops inspire; whereas any failure, even a small set-back, would have formidable echoes. Hitler holds not one wolf by the ears but a whole pack of them.

A great deal in the immediate future depends on what comes out of the parleyings between France and her conquerors. General Weygand is outside Germany's reach in North Africa, and a word from him might determine action which would

give Great Britain access to every port on the Southern coast of the Mediterranean. What is left of Italian resistance in Africa would come to a short end. But certainly General Weygand will not act without direct orders from Marshal Pétain; and we in this country should never forget that the Germans hold two million Frenchmen as prisoners, and would be perfectly capable of threatening to shoot ten thousand a day if France became belligerent against the Axis. On the other hand, all that we can learn teaches us to believe that the old Marshal is unalterably true to his word; and he has given his word that the French fleet shall not be used against his former ally.

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Mr. Willkie's Visit

Meantime American measures proceed at the pace natural to a democracy when it is not at war. One may agree with Mr. Cross, the Minister for Shipping, in assuming that a nation desirous to help in a cause which closely affects its own interests would not leave supplies to accumulate in the ports for lack of means to ferry them. Yet in truth, up to the present there does not seem to be any great accumulation. *Bis qui cito* was never so true; and the United States has hardly yet taken off its coat to the business. We all recognize and are thankful for America's goodwill; but we hardly feel that America has yet recognized the urgency; and that is why the British people were so glad to welcome Mr. Willkie. They felt that he had done the best service he could by coming over to see for himself; they felt a competent informal friendliness in the way he went about making contacts; and one may fairly believe that he will help in two most important matters; first in making the sentimental goodwill effective in action; and secondly (which in the long run means more) in making the practical assistance given in this dire emergency a lasting and living link for the English-speaking world. If it can be brought about that America's help is regarded both in America and in the British Commonwealth, not as a gift to a separate nation, but as a contribution to a common cause, then the British will not dwell on the thought that they must pay in blood, nor the Americans on what they have to part with in cash or in kind.

Mr. Willkie did well to arrange that even in a curtailed visit he should see the Irish Government. Ireland is still a serious factor in American politics; and Ireland can never be wholly indifferent to what is thought and felt in the United States. The difficulty is that at present the Irish public is singularly

ill-informed—except indeed that it has, and uses, uncontrolled access to the B.B.C. But censorship silences all Irish criticism of the Government's policy, and the Government is strictly a government of one party—representing one division of the majority which likes to think of itself as Gaelic. For purposes of the new defence force, there has been a sinking of differences; but the Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence is Mr. Aiken who became chiefly conspicuous by his resistance in arms to the first native Irish government. Thus the censorship has to take its orders from a man of the most extreme anti-British tendencies; and at some recent meetings of the Senate Mr. Aiken has shown remarkably little tolerance for speakers who urge that Ireland should be able and willing to distinguish morally between who are fighting (for instance) to keep Poland enslaved, and those who undertook war to restore freedom in Poland—and elsewhere. If it be admitted that censorship to the point of stifling all free discussion is necessary at such a time, then it is certainly right that administration and policy should not be left in the hands of one party organization. For after all, men like Mr. Andrew Jameson, Professor Alton, the late Archbishop Day (or that matter the present Archbishop of Dublin), are not merely as Irish as the patriots of the I.R.A.; they are Irish in a more real and broader sense, and by far more honourable and useful to Ireland. Yet in the last resort Mr. de Valera and Mr. Aiken will be more swayed by the wishes of the I.R.A.—even when they find it necessary to put the extremists of these patriots in jail.

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General Metaxas

The death of General Metaxas, coming within two months of the events which made all Europeans in whatever climate or continent suddenly aware of this man's greatness has been the dramatic close to a career packed with startling reverses of fortune. Even in the story of Greece's greatest ages there was nothing more full of contrasts than such a life. Perhaps he was *felix opportunitate mortis*, for Greece, as no man had more cause to know, remains variable as the sea which is the link between her scattered lands. He died without seeing complete fulfilment of his work; but he died before there could come any reversal of fortune, or favour. I wonder how many of us felt the same thrill as came to me when I learnt that this modern Ulysses came also from that little rocky island of Ithaca. Of all the heroic characters that the Greek genius portrayed for us, Ulysses remains the most completely Greek. Achilles

presented the beauty, the speed and the strength of a Greek warrior and also, on occasions, his high courtesy; but all these qualities were without wisdom; lucky it will be if no Achilles is found among the Greek warriors of to-day, for the thing Achilles stood for was valour without discipline. Metaxas had meditated deeply on the long history of his race; he knew that again and again they had failed not through lack of courage, or ambition, or discernment, but because they could not be held together in united action. He had studied war with the Germans, and, he gave the Greeks something of the German discipline—knowing that their qualities of individual initiative would never fail.

What a people! I have been reading over what I never had read as a whole—the *Iliad*. The *Odyssey* I did know; yet the *Iliad* has more of Greece in it; the contention between chieftains, the meetings for debate, the ebb and flow of battle. Three thousand years divide us from Homer's time, three hundred from Shakespeare's; and yet one is hardly less near to us than the other. Take the description of how Ulysses stood when he addressed the Assembly, and the whole technique of his oratory; every word holds good for to-day. Metaxas, the modern Ithacan, had not that gift it seems; he was witty, pregnant in talk, but not a spell-binder. Like Ulysses, he was not conspicuous for stature; but as Homer says, though Agamemnon was the finer figure when they stood together, set them down in the council chamber, and no man was kinglier than Ulysses. I expect the modern Ithacan had also an impressive presence in cabinet.

There is no more deception about Homer than about Shakespeare; he is universal. The Greek plays with their rigid form, and their close relation to a dead religion, must remain foreign to us. Thucydides comes near to our business and our bosoms in such a time as the present. But nothing is so homely, nothing so full of human nature, as the old father of all ballad makers. For what are the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* but sublime lays; and the ballad is at the beginning of all song and story. Moreover there is no poetry more pervaded than Homer's by the sense and sound and vision of the sea. Seamen to seamen, islanders to islanders, so the Greeks speak to us, when we go back to the founts from which many of us, who had learnt our way there early, have too often forgotten to drink.

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A notable scholar has just died in Ireland and I do not feel banned from commenting as I should have done, were Dr. E. J. Gwynn not my brother. Younger by four years; I was just in time to leave school before he passed me there. There was a long brood of us—eight in all—who grew up to be men; the joint examination record was formidable, but Edward had by far the best academic brain. Yet it was much more than that; he had as wide a culture as any man I have ever known, and the solidity of his scholarship was joined to an admirable feeling for style which a keen sense of humour made the more acceptable. As Provost of Trinity, he had a great tradition to uphold; he had known the University when it held Salmon, Mahaffy, Tyrrell, Palmer, Bury, Bernard, Dowden, Lewis Purser, as well as mathematicians and scientists, whose work I cannot assess. All these were workers on subjects of general appeal; Edward had been drawn to studies whose interest was not so far spread; but a lucky thing it was that when the new Irish State had to fill in the vacant provostship the man most suitable should also be a foremost authority on the Irish language; for Trinity College had been, if not anti-national, at least anti-nationalist. Mr. Cosgrave, the President of the Irish Free State and James MacNeill, the Governor General, were both more than ready to be friendly; yet tact on both sides was needed. When the Governor General attended any function in the College he must be received with the *Soldiers' Song*; Trinity insisted that on such occasions *God save the King* should be played. The obvious compromise was to play both; but, as Edward told me with grim amusement, the band which could play one of these tunes would not consent to play the other; and it was not always easy to secure both—or to keep the peace between them.

Dr. E. J. Gwynn

I do not think that in the ten years while he held the Provostship there was any serious hitch between College and the Government; I am quite sure Trinity never felt that the Provost had let it down. In a difficult time, representing a threatened interest, he never failed in courtesy or in a reasonable will to meet demands; but behind the courtesy there was a dignified and firm insistence on the rights which it was his duty to maintain.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Foreign Correspondent

To the Editor of The Fortnightly.

Sir,

Mr. Robert Powell's article on the function and problems of *The Foreign Correspondent* in the February number of The Fortnightly raises many important issues. He refers for instance to the responsibilities of our diplomatic service abroad and it is clear that these require fresh definition by the competent authorities. The most that a journalist can do is to call attention to this need which extends far beyond the question of the relation of the foreign correspondent to the accredited diplomats of his own country. There is the question, for instance, of adequate protection of all British subjects resident in the foreign country concerned. One hears encouraging accounts of provision made for evacuation of those residents from various countries threatened by Nazi invasion. But in at least one instance, if current reports are to be believed, the impression gathered is less reassuring. Such a new definition is required not least in the interests of the diplomatic service itself, in justice to its high conception of responsibility.

But as Mr. Powell puts it, with a judicious sense of balance, " fundamental to all such changes (namely, the improvement of foreign correspondence) must be an even greater sense of responsibility and of mission in the foreign correspondent himself." The correspondent's job is a highly combative one. He is out to " scoop " competitors, ensure that his newspaper is first with the news. But when one correspondent is attacked by means devious as well as overt, then there is need of a corporate sense of responsibility among colleagues as was shown in the instance of one of the best known British correspondents of modern times who was expelled from a now enemy country of which he had consistently given accurate, well-balanced if critical account in his dispatches.

As Mr. Powell so well points out vast expense is not the

prime factor in ensuring good foreign correspondence. I have sometimes noticed a tendency to look down upon the correspondents of small newspapers of neutral countries because they could not compete in standard of entertainment and worked without secretary, bureau or salaried assistants. Yet some of the best correspondence from Germany since the outbreak of war—by which time our own correspondents had been withdrawn—has come from such men, whose worth first began to be fully realized when their dispatches were relayed to London from the neutral capitals concerned. Every effort is made by the Reich authorities to undermine their independence, for instance the offer of free telephone calls, enabling pressure to be brought to bear upon their home newspaper office. Such facilities might be borne in mind by our own authorities.

Yours faithfully,

BERNARD CAUSTON.

27, Christ Church Hill,
N.W.3.

RICHARD PERRY

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THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

FINANCE AND EMPLOYMENT

By Hugh Quigley

AN OUTLINE OF MONEY, by Geoffrey Crowther. *Nelson.* 10*s.*

EMPLOYMENT AND EQUILIBRIUM, by A. C. Pigou. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

The intensity of the present conflict has taken away some of the urgency and invested with rather less significance than it deserves the study of finance and the function performed by money in the national and international economy. Mr. Crowther does not pretend to advise the Government regarding ways and means of taxing the people in order to finance the war, and in fact it takes rather careful examination of the book to discover any reference to the war at all. He has set out to give an easily intelligible and very clear survey of the nature and function of money and the policies and institutions connected with it without attempting any obvious criticism of principle or organization. The book is severely objective, with a tendency towards acceptance of the orthodox explanation, even when such an explanation does not correspond altogether to the changes caused by war conditions.

His approach to the subject is totally different from that of Professor Pigou, who deals with the question of employment. Professor Pigou is not concerned to give a text book, or to explain in simple language any theory or partial theory of economics; he makes no concessions whatever to the lay reader who is not a mathematician, with the result that his book becomes just as much an intellectual exercise as a pure mathematical treatise. His definitions have no more reality when reduced to equations than algebraical formulæ, and they have just as much practical utility. They exercise the mind and probably do just as much good in that respect as the deciphering of an obscure Greek text.

It would be difficult to find two books so completely in contrast to each other, but of the two Mr. Crowther's treatise is preferable, because he is almost invariably clear and consistently interesting. The student who is attempting to find his way through the somewhat unnecessary verbosity and prolixity of the usual economic treatises on money and finance will be able, without any great strain, to follow Mr. Crowther even into the most remote areas of his investigation and understand the meaning of every single signpost he encounters. For an author to be able to do that with complete success betokens quite a considerable achievement. We may derive nothing new, but we certainly understand what we

have got, and such an understanding is surely the beginning of wisdom in financial as in other matters.

In Professor Pigou's work, however, this is not the case, and one would not expect it to be so. The student of the theories of Mr. J. M. Keynes will have no difficulty in following Professor Pigou's methods, and he will probably have some considerable enjoyment in deciphering the various definitions, specially when they are brought into what appears to be a very intricate mathematical correlation. He will not find it so easy to attach those correlations to physical reality, and still less to his appreciation of the elements which, reduced to formulæ here, exist only in the world of reality by virtue of the fact that they cannot be reduced to formulæ.

Like other exponents of mathematical treatment, Professor Pigou suffers from the difficulty of attempting to apply a strictly scientific method to the elucidation of a problem, the constituents of which are neither scientific in origin nor accurately representative in expression. The elements which form part of that theory are subject to human interpretation.

Despite this criticism, it is possible to admire the treatment in the same way as one would admire a piece of abstract sculpture. One does not ask why this should have been done in this particular fashion. One takes that for granted and admires it for its proportions and its finish. From that kind of test Professor Pigou's latest book emerges successfully.

A somewhat different test must be applied to Mr. Crowther's survey, but the test in this case is not to be associated with anything intricate or speculative, but with accuracy of exposition. From it Mr. Crowther's book does not emerge quite so successfully, since his description is affected by its desire to be clear in the journalistic sense. At the same time there are sections, particularly those devoted to the gold standard and to the international equilibrium of payments and trade exchanges which are as good as any that have appeared for some time. The book would have been even better if it had had a section devoted to the one question of war finance. We are still very uncertain about what is essential and what is not essential, not only in balance of payments, as between Great Britain and the rest of the world, but also in the industries and services bearing directly on the war and the other interests and services which are not so employed.

Mr. Crowther would be performing a real service if he attempted to investigate and explain as clearly as he has done in this book, the whole question of war finance.

THE PRODIGIOUS CARIBBEAN, by Rosita Forbes. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

Rosita Forbes needs no introduction. Tireless traveller and prolific writer, she has achieved wide popularity by journalism, biographies, novels and above all travel books. The latest of these deals with a region much in the news of late, *The Prodigious Caribbean*

The work is excellently conceived; its four parts are designed to trace the island girt sea's development from a mystic's vision into a geographical reality, and thence from a battle zone of conflicting European interests into a sphere of North American influence.

Unfortunately, performance does not match conception.

The first section is the best: a convincing word picture is painted of Columbus peddling tenuous ideas in the European courts, making tremendous discoveries, misgoverning, and degenerating from a chaser of dreams into a profit-seeker. Subsequent accounts of exploits by pirates, professional wreckers and other outlaws are less authentic. A snapshot history, from discovery to the present day, of the main islands, Bahamas, Jamaica, Cuba, etc., verges on the tedious. Throughout, too many loose ends are left untidily about, as, for instance, the exact standing of Las Casas. Whole decades are summarily disposed of by a few brilliant but insufficient phrases.

Rosita Forbes uses her pen as Columbus used his tongue 'inducing others to see him easily with love.' Her writing makes lively reading. Her swift prose has the smoothness of silk, interwoven with epigrams or antitheses, and adorned with borrowed *bons mots*. It is momentarily entertaining but not durably satisfying. Its revealing characteristic is a struggle for effects. This weakness is perhaps due to the author's mental determination never to be dull. For when her emotions are touched, as they were at Nassau, she writes with telling genuineness.

So much for the manner. The matter merits the same criticism: well-founded solidity is sacrificed to surface effect. In general, the book's historic comparisons, Queens Isabella and Victoria, Columbus and Roosevelt, Spanish Imperialism and German Fascism, are based on imperfect knowledge. Similarly, blanket generalizations on Jews, West Indians, Negroes, and South Americans are founded either on a failure to perceive or a facility for ignoring much of the data. In particular, the book is dotted with linguistic and factual errors. No differentiation is made between the distinct courtesy titles for ladies in Spanish and Portuguese; the former language is given a cedilla where none exists (*françesas*); French words are misspelt ('modern') and accents planlessly used or omitted. Further such philological hybrids as Rio Plate abound. These are, perhaps, insignificant details. But to describe Santa Catarina in Brazil as 'what amounts to an autonomous German republic' is unequivocally misleading. The whole of Southern Brazil, not only the state named, has always attracted German settlers. In fact, until very recent times, certain areas were more Teuton than Brazilian. But President Vargas is remedying that anomaly. By appointing to each state an '*interventor*' or Federal governor, by strictly enforcing school laws that forbid primary education in any language but Portuguese, and by transferring population judiciously, he has established centralized political control and started cultural assimilation.

Nevertheless, *The Prodigious Caribbean* will almost certainly sell successfully, both here and in the United States. It has something for everyone. The escapist reader will find solace; those who imagine there are short-cuts to knowledge will feel that in these pages they are dipping into the 'Pierian spring'; Americans anxious for their country's world greatness will have revealed a gigantic possibility of Roosevelt as 'federator' of the good neighbour republics west

and south of this strategic sea. Critics will find easy relaxation in the book.

It contains 19 half-tone illustrations. Some of these are typical agency pictures. The majority, however, by Fred Armbrister, attain a high standard of photography. This quality, added to the Ben Hecht-like slickness of the writing, approximate the work to a Class A Hollywood film. It attracts, but does not retain; it passes an hour or two, but adds nothing to one's experience; it covers immense areas and gets nowhere in particular.

ANTHONY PIRIE.

THE BIG SEA, by Langston Hughes. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Of the making of such books there seems to be no end. Their roots are found in the fecund soil of the clash with authority — parents, school, college and employers. Like rising sap is the urge to break away, to roam the world half over, and the gaudy flower does not always smell sweet. The fruit, heavy and rounded with remembered experience, thrives alike on branches of poverty, danger, rebuffs and hunger. Sights and sounds, enjoyed or regretted—or both—are set down with understanding and exactness. An observant eye perceives a good story even in commonplace material. The descriptive powers are considerable and the reader's blood and imagination are often stirred. The first dark revolt of the writer is justified.

Why, then, with all this largesse is the grown tree not always "a joy for ever?" Why in so many books of this type is there a sense of aimlessness, of frustration even in moments of fulfilment? Can it be that poets are indeed born and are none the less poets without stirring from their own step, porch or terrace? If so, "going places" may even be a handicap. As if to support this theory some of Mr. Langston Hughes' early verse, notably *The Negro Speaks of Rivers*, written when he was about seventeen years old and before he started on his travels, appears to be among his finest. Probably being made to do book-keeping on his father's ranch in Mexico need have been no more than a tiresome incident in the main business of life. Possibly running off to Paris, via the West Indies and Holland, was not essential to his peace of mind, especially as there were spasms of "feeling bad" at the thought of a worried, work-worn mother at home. Apparently there is no guarantee of happiness in doing what you want to do.

Of course, Mr. Hughes laboured under a worse disability than many of his fellows, writing in their mid-thirties have had to bear. As a negro he knows all about the intransigence of the colour bar, particularly in his own democratic America. But there is little bitterness in him and one of the more endearing passages in the book tells of his first school where there was "one little white boy who would take up with me. . . . So I learned early not to hate *all* white people. And ever since, it has seemed to me that *most* people are generally good, in every race and in every country where I have been." An uneasy white should feel grateful for this. Early, too, he learnt the dreadful business of living with unhappy people, of "parents who don't like each other, and take their grievances out on the offspring." No

child who feels as he did, physically ill with hatred of his father, has a chance of being a happy man, but he may become one of acute sensibility and receptiveness. He himself claims that his best poems were written when he felt worst. Perhaps if 'the happy country has no history' it is true that the happy man has no poetry.

The chapters devoted to his life in Harlem during the 1920's are especially interesting. There was a boom in negro art in America whose reverberations were felt over here when Paul Robeson first captured Europe with his magnificent gifts. Mr. Langston Hughes says it was no more than a fad that made white folks Harlem conscious. Certainly many of the intellectual negroes were deluded by the hordes of fashionable people who came to see them in their native haunts into thinking that "the millenium had come. They thought the race problem had at last been solved. . . . They were sure the New Negro would lead a new life from then on in the green pastures of tolerance. . . ." But he adds ominously, "The ordinary negroes hadn't heard of the Negro Renaissance. And if they had it hadn't raised their wages any." And soon he watched the same fashionable droves of white people turning to Mr. Noel Coward instead. In face of Mr. Hughes' own scepticism it is difficult to assess the significance of the negro in American art but if indeed America has no use for the work of the many distinguished members of his race (the Harlem "niggerati" of Wallace Thurman's bitter humour) America would seem to be the loser.

It was in 1931, when the recital ends, that he finally made up his mind to make a living by writing. He says, "Literature is a big sea full of many fish. I let down my nets and pulled. I'm still pulling." Which recalls the advice in a letter Vachel Lindsay wrote to him in 1925 and which is quoted a hundred pages back: "Hide and write and study and think. I know what factions do. Beware of them. I know what flatterers do. Beware of them."

GEA MORRIS.

ARMIES OF FREEMEN, by Tom Wintringham. *Routledge*. 5*s*.

OUR WAR IN THE AIR, by Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton. Liberty Handbooks, No. 1. *Dent*. 1*s*.

CAN BRITAIN BE INVADED? "Strategicus". Liberty Handbooks No. 2. *Dent*. 1*s*.

The "Liberty Handbooks", of which Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton and "Strategicus" have written the first two, are offered as "short, vigorous, and authoritative books on matters of national importance." Short they certainly are, by the standards of the sixpenny bookstall, but even fifteen thousand words can seem long when the author has nothing to say. The objection to a 'Series' of this kind is that the initiative lies, one must suppose, with the Publisher. Few authors can resist an invitation to contribute something vigorous and authoritative. The result, however, is not exactly what the author would have written, left to himself; if, indeed, he would have written anything. Air-Commodore Charlton, for example, displays little of the vigour which

inspired his part in "The Air Defence of Britain." He had then an axe to grind—possibly the wrong axe—and he ground it with energy. In the present pamphlet he has no particular policy to urge and no unfamiliar facts to reveal. If he knows more than is generally known, he is naturally bound to keep that knowledge to himself. The normally intelligent reader cannot expect to find in this pamphlet anything more than a useful summary of events which he may have forgotten.

"Strategicus", writing the second number of the series, in about as many pages, has very much less to say. Of his five chapters, only two have any direct bearing on the problem he sets out to solve. Not long ago listeners were startled to hear, as part of a news bulletin, an account of Moore's retreat to, and his burial at, Corunna. "Strategicus" goes back still further in order to tell us about Julius Cæsar and the Spanish Armada. Had he more than a schoolboy's knowledge of the latter campaign, he might perhaps have drawn a moral from Drake's interest in the Spanish marshalling yards at Cadiz. Without, however, so much as mentioning the place, he goes on to devote two more chapters to irrelevant comment on the invasion of Poland, Norway and Flanders. Only in the last few pages does "Strategicus" ask himself whether Britain can be invaded. His conclusion, when it at last emerges, is not vigorous, not authoritative, nor even very helpful. In fact, it leaves the reader very much where he was before; in the dark.

Tom Wintringham is the author of another liberty handbook, but his liberty extends to his work and he writes at no publisher's behest. Freedom, he maintains, is not merely an aim but a weapon. Those who fight for freedom should themselves be free. In what he regards as a war for Democracy, we should "organize the popular fury for military use." The bulk of his book thereafter consists of vivid description of how this has been done in the past. Beginning with Thermopylæ, he goes on to describe the slave revolt under Spartacus, the Battle of Crecy, Washington's victory at Trenton, the first success of Carnot's levies at Hondschoote, the Australian and Tank Corps Offensive in 1918, and finally (and inevitably) the Defence of Madrid in 1936-7. In each instance he seeks to show that his heroes' achievement was against opponents relatively less free.

The case for freedom is a strong one and any champion of freedom should gain much support at present. Considered as propaganda, this book may well be found persuasive as well as vigorous. Considered as history, it will not do. So far, for instance, as personal liberty goes, there can scarcely have existed any people less free than the Spartans. Were the English archers really freer than the French Knights they opposed? Moreover, half these examples could be used to prove something different. The Slave Revolt could be cited as instance of the courage of despair. Thermopylæ might be used as an argument for Fascism, Crecy as an argument for a professional army. Trenton might illustrate the need to have gentlemen of birth (like Washington) in command. Any deed of the Tank Corps might serve to demonstrate the application of Science to Warfare. Even supposing, however, that these examples proved

anything, has the author considered what examples would seem to prove the opposite? Has he forgotten that even Madrid fell in the end?

C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON.

MANHOLD, by Phyllis Bentley. *Gollancz.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

THE RED TAPEWORM, by Compton Mackenzie. *Chatto and Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THIS PEACEFUL PLACE, by Martin Shane Gore. *John Lane. The Bodley Head.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Manhold, so its author tells us in her brief preface, is the last stone in a building. It is the final volume in a series whose plan was at first unconscious, and later deliberate, a series which covers the social history of a part of Yorkshire for the last three hundred years, with the woollen trade of the West Riding valleys as a continuous background against which the men and women who live by it and around it play their parts. *Manhold* bridges the gap between *Take Courage,* Miss Bentley's novel of the Cavalier and Roundhead Wars, and *Inheritance* which opens in the time of the Luddite risings. It seems right therefore to consider it as a part of the whole as well as a separate entity, and to pause for a moment to review with respect the solid body of work, perhaps the most whole and rounded and consistent body of work by any living writer of fiction. This does not say that we shall not expect nor hope for many more books from Miss Bentley but only that as she herself presents us with *Manhold* as the last chapter in a saga, she has a right to ask that it should be so considered.

To sum up the labour of fourteen strenuous years in a paragraph is an inevitable impertinence. Looking back on that saga—and, fellow Yorkshirewoman as I am, I can at least say with a truth not always possible to reviewers, that I have read every word of it—I see it as a massive block of honest work, perhaps not touching the heights of passion or poetry, but never falling below a steady level of solid craftsmanship. The tales are all well told; the saga is a well woven length of woollen cloth made in one of Miss Bentley's own West Riding valleys; the construction is better than the writing; there is a certain flatness and obviousness at times in the choice of words, but the whole is informed by a strong moral earnestness, by a deep compassion and a love of humanity.

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These novels are regional, but a sense of the inter-relation of human experience makes them universal. Altogether a body of work that any novelist may well be proud of.

What of *Manhold* itself? It is not the best of the books though, like all the others, it is a good piece of story telling. Beginning admirably with a ride over the Pennines and Defoe's visit to the Weaver's Cottage, it loses power when Ann grows up and becomes the central figure. It is always hard to make convincing a character, and especially an English character, whose whole life is conditioned by the desire for revenge, and Ann, a cat, not a fiend, is too trivial for such austere concentration. There is far more life in the group of characters that surround her; in her gentle father, her spineless husband, in the living and admirably drawn John Collier—the best part of the book—in the young Harriet.

The Red Tapeworm is fun. It is a mocking and witty picture of the Civil Service, and this country, being still what it is, will probably be enjoyed by nobody more than by Civil Servants. It is a story of an injudicious broadcast by the Ministry of Waste whose appeal to the country to send him their waste material brought him a variety of strange offerings including a bath and a stove that he could not get rid of, and whose Odyssey is the connecting thread of the story. I have never yet read a funny book of which I did not enjoy the first half more than the second, and *The Red Tapeworm* is no exception, but Mr. Compton Mackenzie romps home again at the end with another broadcast, this time in the Children's Hour, which provides a gloriously funny scene and produces further complications.

Cathedral Towns have been promising material for fiction ever since Trollope, but there is nothing very much like Barchester about the peaceful place of Mr. Shane Gore's novel. His group of people are not much concerned with the Cathedral, their interests are not clerical.

This is a first novel written with considerable confidence and assurance and some skill, but curiously without flavour. The people are not quite alive—they are static; the children are the best. The bullying little boys at school are vivid, and perhaps in his next book Mr. Shane Gore will be able to give the same vitality to the older people.

LETTICE COOPER.

ENGLISH LAKELAND. By Doreen Wallace. *Batsford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

CHILTERN COUNTRY. By H. J. Massingham. *Batsford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Two more volumes in the splendid Batsford series *The Face of Britain* make their welcome appearance. Beautifully illustrated as usual, the authors make their second and third bows respectively in the series, for Mrs. Wallace has already an excellent book on *East Anglia* to her credit and Mr. Massingham has written on the *Cotswold Country* and the *English Downland.* Most readers, in England at all events, will have memories of both districts covered by these volumes. If that is so they will live again their experiences in the scenes they know; if they have never been, they will wish to go. These Batsford books create an almost inevitable feeling of nostalgia.